National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 20. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865. WHOLE NO. 1,320.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $3.00 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

5 *South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to *Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH.

[The following is a letter to the London *Spectator* from its regular American correspondent, Mr. Richard Grant White, of New York. The *Spectator* prints it with an editorial protest; we copy it in our Pro-Slavery column as one of the falsest and most prejudiced statements that we have seen made on either side of the water.]

NEW YORK, August 11, 1865.

AN event which occurred on Saturday last, and the particulars of which became known on the following Monday, is so characteristic of our people, and reveals so clearly the great political difficulty of the day in this country, that it almost of necessity determines the subject of my letter this week. We have noticed with some surprise what we regard as a strange confusion of thought in England in regard to the feeling here about slavery and about the negro. It seems to be taken for granted by most European and even most British writers upon the subject, that opposition to slavery and a liking of the negro, or at least a special good-will to him, must go together, and *vice versa;* and that consequently a war which was accepted rather than that the point of the exclusion of slavery from free territory should be yielded, and which was prosecuted in a great measure for the extinction of slavery where it had been already established, must have as its result the elevation of the negro to the political and social level of the dominant race, or else that its professed anti-slavery motive was a mere pretence. No supposition could be more erroneous. I tell you frankly that the mass of the people here were glad to fight against slavery, but had no intention of fighting for the negro. They felt that slavery was a great crime, a sin against human nature. They wished to purge the republic of that wickedness, but they had no particular sympathy with, though most of them much compassion for, the race against whom the wrong was committed. You in Europe seemed to be thinking about the individual negroes; we, in the mass, thought little or nothing of the individual negroes, but much of the barbarous institution of slavery. To restrain that within such bounds as could be placed to it, and to relieve ourselves to the utmost of our ability of responsibility for its existence under our flag, we were willing to accept a great war, and to fight it through with four years' unprecedented waste of life and treasure. But to free those individual negroes held in bondage at the South, you may be sure we would not have sacrificed the lives of one thousand of our brothers, not to say of more than one hundred thousand. Even if by freeing them we could have raised them to the position of the British agricultural laborer, we should not have felt called upon to make our homes desolate throughout the land to attain that end (let those who would have decided otherwise for themselves condemn us); and we knew that to the negroes of the present generation freedom would, with rare exceptions, be a boon only in name, and to hundreds of thousands, as it has already been to thousands, a death-warrant. But as to the institution of slavery, the perpetuation under our sanction and by our protection of that charter of wrong, cruelty, and degradation was quite another matter.

The antipathy to social contact with the negro—which exists in Canada in as great a degree as in our country, and which, according to my observation, is as strong in the Englishman who has lived here a few years with negroes round him as in the man of English race whose family has been here for generations, and is developed just as soon as the negro ceases to be a sort of interesting curiosity, and becomes an estimable part of the population—this antipathy has not been diminished by the war; while one of the two great results of the war, the emancipation of the slaves, followed by the attempt to confer the franchise upon them, in order that they may counterbalance the planters and the Irish at the polls, has rather increased the dread of that social intermingling of the two races which is such a positive and an active moral force among the people of this country. This is shown by the event with a reference to which I began my letter.

[The Davenport case in Greenwich, Ct., with the extraordinary lecture of Mr. Coroner Philander Button, to the mulatto Davenport, on the enormity of being mobbed. The facts were given in the STANDARD at the time. Mr. White recapitulates them and proceeds.]

Of course this affair has been commented upon by the whole press, and equally of course those who hold that society has no right to make any distinctions whatever, political or social, express or implied, between those who are subject to its laws, denounce the jury for this exhortation, and give no credit for the rigid fairness of the verdict, in spite of the circumstances. Those who hold that such distinctions may rightfully be made, although all men should be equally protected in their legal rights, take an opposite view of the case. The fact of moment under the present circumstances of the country is that the former, although they talk more, are in the minority, while the latter, although they say less, think and, what is of greater importance, feel much more, and are very largely in the majority. Even the New York *Times*, which on this occasion takes ground moderately with those who censure the jury, says, "Admit, if you please, the gross impropriety of the intermarriage of white and black, if the law does not forbid it, by what right do the people undertake to regulate it?" But the people will undertake to control it, if not by direct, by indirect means, which are more powerful. It seems difficult, if not impossible, for Europeans even of the more civilized nations to appreciate the gulf of separation which exists between the races in this country, although after living here awhile they understand and sympathize with our feeling upon the subject. I amused and astonished a very intelligent and well-travelled Englishman the other day by telling him of the following ingenious arrangement:—In our hotels here, as in other countries, where there are many servants of both sexes, certain complications of an interesting character are apt to arise, which interfere with the regular, orderly, and decorous conduct of the establishment. Well, in some at least of the Washington hotels this difficulty is entirely overcome by the ingenious device of having all the men servants negroes and all the women servants Irish. The result is that intercourse which under other circumstances at once sweetens and interrupts theroutine of duty, under these does not take place. The separation is as absolute as if the bed-chambers were looked after by one species of animal and the boots and the table by another. I have watched them day after day by the dozen, and never saw them take the least notice of each other, except in the way of business. The sexes and the races are wisely assorted, too. If the women were negresses and the men Irish, there might be some trouble; but even then not much. This antipathy exists here quite as strongly among the anti-slavery people, even the Abolitionists, as among those who defend slavery, or are indifferent about it. In the last year of the war a clergyman who had been a professor in the college where I studied, and who is one of those gentle, firm, wise men, with large souls, and wide sympathies, who can control men, and particularly young men, by mere personal influence, so that when the under-graduates were unruly or had a grievance they would give up at once to Dr. ——— for pure love, when his colleagues could do nothing, and all the terrors of college discipline were laughed to scorn—this man went to the South on a tour of observation, and was placed in authority, as far as slavery was concerned, over a considerable reclaimed district by one of our most eminent generals. For years before the war he had been one of our strongest anti-slavery men, and had by his writings done as much as any one person in the country, who was not a professed journalist or politician, to bring about the state of public feeling that provoked secession. I met him on his return home, and had not talked with him three minutes before he said to me, "I come back hating slavery more than ever, but loathing the negro with an unutterable loathing. What a curse to have that people on our hands!" And not long ago one of the editors of one of the leading anti-slavery papers in the country, and one which advocates giving suffrage to the freed slaves, said to me, "These negroes are doubtless here by a dispensation of Providence, but," with an earnestness which a whimsical smile could not conceal, "O that the Lord had been pleased to dispense his negroes somewhere else!" And these instances of the exhibition of this feeling remind me of another, perhaps even more in point. A gentleman well known to me as one of the stoutest anti-slavery men you will find anywhere, met about ten years ago, on a country road, a coarse, loaferish-looking fellow, a mere tramp in fact, walking lazily along, and a few yards behind him, with the humility both of her sex in that condition of life and of her race, toiled a negress, bearing a bundle, and a mulatto child that told of the relation between her and the lout she so meekly followed. My friend turned sick with impotent anger at the sight, two-fold anger—at the white man for living on those terms with a negress; at the man for suffering a woman to bear both his child and his burden. He shrunk away from him, and passed to the other side of the road. But he has told me, and I believe him, that if the position of the races had been reversed, and it had been a negro man who was thus followed by a white woman so overburdened, there would have been trouble on the spot. This feeling pervades all classes here, without being affected at all by culture or position. It is often most improperly called a hatred of the negro, for it exists among those who are willing to do all in their power for his welfare, who never treat him or speak to him but with kindness and consideration, and who would gladly see him develop himself to the extent of his capacity in a community of his own race. It is oftener and more improperly called a feeling of caste, for it has nothing to do with the position of the negro, past or present, as a slave, and it would not be in the least modified in the case of a negro who was as wise and as magnificent as Solomon. To compare it as some do with the mediæval hatred for the Jew is to forget that it has no relation to the religious belief or the crimes of the forefathers of those in regard to whom it exists. It does not depend upon color, for men of other races, who are darker than some negroes, or than most mulattoes, do not elicit it. It is purely a matter of race. To those who have it the reason simply is, that the negro is—a negro. Now this aversion, which is not new (it is at least as old as the time of Shakespeare), and which may be called unreasoning, but hardly blind, is one of the great moral forces,—nay, is the great moral force, which must be taken into consideration in the restoration of this country to tranquillity and prosperity. The difficulty is no less at the North than at the South. And there is this element in it which seems almost impossible of elimination,—the all-pervading consciousness that if political privileges are given to the negro political position and social intercourse must inevitably follow. The negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress, in all public places, in the parlor, at the table, in the marriage-bed. It is as if you were to have negroes as 5 to 3 in some of your counties, as 3 to 2 and as 2 to 1 in others, and scattered freely through the rest of the country; and as if you might look for negroes in the House of Commons, if not in the House of Lords, for negro brothers-in-law and mulatto grandchildren. At such a prospect our people, with exceedingly rare exceptions, revolt. I am not defending this aversion, or saying that it is either right or reasonable. I merely tell you of its existence, and that it must needs be considered by wise statesmen, as much as a Mussulman's horror of pork or a Brahmin's loathing of a tanner.

A YANKEE.

Selections.

THE "STATE" OF MISSISSIPPI.

From the Chicago Tribune.

TALLEYRAND defines "words" as the medium for concealing ideas. We have many Talleyrands, and they are all satisfied with the amount of freedom guaranteed the negro in Mississippi by saying that he is free. The late convention said this, subject to such deductions as it may please the Legislature to make, after the State shall be admitted by Congress. As the negro has this degree of freedom already, by the emancipation proclamation, it follows that all that the Convention has done is to make him a present of something that he had already possessed, in order to obtain the power for some future Legislature to take away what he previously had.

By the same ordinance of the Convention declaring slavery abolished, the Legislature is empowered to make such laws as shall "protect the States against the evils of sudden emancipation." Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was not issued subject to any such action of the Legislature of any of the States then in rebellion, and they have no right to make any deduction from its effect whatever.

The slaveholders would doubtless agree that it would protect the States from the evils of sudden emancipation to inaugurate the system of "warranteeism," advocated by the Jackson (Miss.) *News*, by which the State is to take charge of every negro, as it would of a town pauper, hire him out, collect his wages, make him work, and whip him if he would not, regulate his marriage relations, take care of his children and provide for his support. This would be a cheap labor system, cheaper than slave labor, as those who should hire such labor could get it at $5 a month, while, if the State should lose money by the operation, that loss could be charged on the negroes, as a reason for expelling them altogether. In this system of warranteeism, advocated by the paper which the Convention made its official organ, we have some hint of the character of the future aid the Legislature will extend to the freedmen and the manner in which it will "protect the State against the evils of sudden emancipation."

How can they prevent the evils of sudden emancipation except by preventing it from being sudden. A slaveholder of any era has no more objection to gradual emancipation than he has to being gradually struck by lightning. He knows that gradual emancipation is an impossibility. It is slavery preserved, which suits him exactly.

For the Mississippi Convention, therefore, to enact "slavery is hereby abolished, but the legislature will hereafter make this abolition gradual," is as farcical as for a slave auctioneer to mount his block with "Gentlemen, all the negroes on sale are warranted free—what shall I hear for number one?" In addition to the advocacy of warranteeism, and the slippery and worthless language of the Mississippi ordinance of freedom, through which the Legislature can, at any time after admission into the Union, drive their coach and six over the necks of the negroes, we have further evidence of the manner in which the whites of Mississippi will oppress the blacks until the latter are allowed a vote.

The saloon keepers, draymen and barbers of the city of Vicksburg are blacks, while the lawyers, doctors, and dentists are white. Hence saloon keepers are taxed by Governor Sharkey fifty dollars per year, and by the city of Vicksburg *five hundred dollars per year* additional, for a mere license to do business, besides being compelled to get the written recommendation of two freeholders (there are but three colored freeholders in the city), and to give a bond of one thousand dollars with responsible sureties to keep such a house as the city authorities shall decide to be orderly. To obtain a dray license he must give a bond with sureties in the sum of five hundred dollars for the faithful performance of his obligations as a "common carrier." There is also a tax of ten dollars each on "barbers' chairs," amounting to from fifty to one hundred dollars a year on barbers doing an average business. On the other hand, the white lawyers, doctors, and dentists of Vicksburg are taxed for the privilege of practising their profession as follows:

Lawyers	0
Doctors	0
Dentists	0
Total	0

Such a system of municipal class taxation would be a disgrace to the Kingdom of Dahomey, and evinces a clear design on the part of the whites of Vicksburg, who are a favorable example of those of Mississippi and the whole South, to make free negroes pay all the taxes, if they cannot make them do all the work. It is easy to see that a few turns of such screws as the above "license fees" are sufficient to confiscate the negro's property and drive him out of the State or into slavery. Instead of confiscating the lands of leading rebels, like Jacob Thompson, who we are assured still owns one million acres of unconfiscated land in Mississippi, sufficient to afford homes for all the needy freedmen in the State—instead of this the "chivalry" will inaugurate, under pretence of "taxation" and "license fees" a confiscation of "barbers' chairs," saloon fixtures, drays, and dray horses owned by negroes. A new meaning will thus be given to the pregnant text: "To him that hath (the ballot), shall be given, but from him that hath not (the ballot), shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have." To these extortions by the white race as voters, are to be added those which they can practise as landholders. The entire soil of Mississippi—everything capable of being tilled or rented—is owned by original rebels, many of whom will only rent to freedmen at extravagant prices, double what they would accept from whites. These advantages, with the sole right of suffrage, and the rebel militia which have just been sanctioned by the President, to result of course in the withdrawal of the Northern and negro troops now there, give the whites the power, and none who know them doubt their desire, either to re-enslave the blacks under the new "warrantee" system, or to drive them out of the State.

NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY—THE SECOND GREAT APOSTASY.

From the American Baptist.

WHATEVER might have been said in excuse of anti-slavery men who, six months ago, were for retiring from the great contest under the idea that their work was already accomplished, no excuse for such an idea can be offered now. It is perfectly plain that we have come to the brink of a great precipice, similar to that down which the country plunged at the time of forming the federal constitution, after we had gained our independence. Forced by the bitter teachings of tyranny we, in 1776, were ready to invoke a God of justice, and claim for all mankind the enjoyment of equal and impartial rights. There cannot be a doubt in the mind of any sane man, that the fathers of the revolution, when they adopted their immortal declaration, intended that human bondage should cease, and liberty, equality and fraternity, be the settled principles of the republic they were founding. By those principles they conquered; an overruling Providence kindly heard their prayer and granted their desire. But no sooner was the scourge lifted from their backs than they began to apostatize. Independence won, they forgot God and paltered with the rights of humanity. Instead of decreeing that slavery should thenceforward and forever cease, they contented themselves with the idea of gradual extinction. This was to be done by giving the slave trade a lease of twenty years, and then leaving slavery to take care of itself. The politicians of those times professed to believe that with the abolition of the slave trade, slavery itself must perish in the natural course of events. The people were made to believe this absurd dogma, just as we are now asked to believe that negro suffrage will gradually be obtained after the States have been reconstructed! The plea is a hypocritical one; the politicians who urge it know that no such result will ever be brought about, except by a new revolution.

We have passed our second period of sore and bitter trial, and we are now ready to forget the arm that saved us, and the principles of justice we were constrained to adopt in the hour of our extremity. We have abolished slavery in name; now we are taking good care that nothing shall be abolished but the name. Perfectly well do we know that if given over to the irresponsible government of the white men, the freedom of the colored people is a hollow mockery. President Johnson is sufficiently aware of the temper of southern whites to know that the emancipation proclamation, after the admission of States on the white basis, and with the old doctrine of State rights, will be rendered null, or worse than null. Even now, while their very recognition as states is suspended on their good behavior, the crusade against the blacks is carried on so sharply that all observers agree in representing their condition as worse than under the old regime. The slave codes are adopted (with the word slave left out) as the rule of the courts; indeed it cannot be otherwise, if the States still exist, with their old laws and constitutions in force. President Johnson tells the colored people he will protect them in their rights. A promise to the ear; nothing more. How can he protect them, after giving them up to the tender mercy of the States, without the power of voice or vote, whereby they might secure the freedom that has been given? Gen. Schenck and Secretary Harlan volunteer to tell us that the President is all right; that his reconstruction policy is only an experiment. Yes, an experiment which if it succeeds, will end in the extinction of all true liberty. And it is not an experiment on which he looks as a disinterested spectator, by any means. As the *World* truly says, "If the plan is an experiment, it is an experiment which its author watches with as keen an interest as Mr. Field watched the laying of the Atlantic cable; and if it fails it will be as severe a blow to his hopes." Everything conspires to induce the belief that President Johnson intends to create a new democratic party that shall support him and his policy, without the assistance of the radicals. There is no man living that more cordially detests the Abolitionists. It is idle for us to find fault with him for this. We knew it when we elected him. We cannot expect him to act contrary to his convictions. In all his speeches, up to the time of the rebellion, we find him classing Northern abolitionists and Southern nullifiers together as the common enemies of their country. His recent appointment of Preston King and Mr. Odell to the collectorship of the city and port of New York, with the immense patronage at the disposal of these officers, is understood to have been made with direct reference to party issues. If we may credit the papers which advocate the President's policy, the former collector, Mr. Draper, had made himself highly obnoxious by his radical opinions. "Under his fostering influences," says the reporter of the *World*, "three-fourths of the officials were foolish enough to come out flat-footed for negro suffrage." Now all will be changed, and offices given to those only who can cordially support the government in its scheme of reconstruction. The governors appointed for the returning States appear to be all of the Southern negro-hating type.

While the President is performing his part in the work of conciliation, the democrats in all parts of the country, North and South, are gathering round him for the support of his measures. Abandoning the insane and suicidal disloyalty that has brought the party into contempt, they are accommodating themselves to the tone and temper of the times, cordially endorsing the President and his administration, and taking a high stand for loyalty. The Wood-Vallandigham clique are unceremoniously thrown overboard, and sink to rise no more, while shrewd and skillful engineers are chosen to supply their places. In the recent democratic convention of this State, whose platform we insert in another column, we find nothing of those disgusting tirades against the war, and denunciations of the National Government, which have formed the burden of their speeches and publications for the last four years. As soon as the seceded States are back in Congress, this party will be swelled by the whole strength of the South, and then farewell to all hope of any further concession of rights or privileges to the colored people.

The faint hope we now have rests in the radical portion of the coming Congress. If they fail, we shall have fairly entered upon our second great national apostacy from the principles of liberty. And for this the Republican party will be responsible. With Lincoln as a conservative, and Hamlin as a radical, to control the helm of state, we were comparatively safe; but when the Baltimore convention threw out the radical element, and under the dictation of the Weeds, Blairs, and Raymonds, substituted Johnson for Hamlin, a Southern slaveholder for a Northern slavery hater, they took the first step in their downward course. The consequence is that we now have a Southern President, with thoroughly Southern feelings and sympathies, and a man who has no faith in the colored race. He evidently has no plans whatever for their elevation in their own country, but looks forward to colonization and expulsion as the most probable and ready means of solving all political difficulties. But the end is not yet. The crying injustice done to an innocent race will be avenged. If the government again betray them into the hands of their oppressors and leave them helpless under the reign of terror already begun, then will deliverance arise from some other quarter. The injured will learn to redress with their own right hands the wrongs they receive. The emancipation proclamation warrants them in the defence of their freedom even by violence, if necessary. Hence, in the event of an insurrection for this object, the national troops could not be employed in suppressing it. Whether the freedmen have the right of the ballot or not, they have the right to defend themselves, their wives, their children and their property, against all invaders. We shudder at the cup of vengeance the South is preparing for itself by the assassinations and murders that are daily going on. A missionary just from Raleigh informs us that for the last month or two, the number of colored people wantonly killed, within his knowledge, has averaged one a day. Several negroes are seen sitting or conversing together; a ball whistles through the air, and one of them drops mortally wounded; no one knows whence the missile came. Colored people wandering alone are waylaid and shot down. We know that it is not in human nature to bear these things long.

"THE GREAT LAW OF HAM."

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

THE Montgomery, Alabama, *Ledger*, of August 17, ponderously inquires:

"Now let us ask upon what ground it can be supposed that the negro, by his emigration (?) to the land of the white man, has been excepted to the great law of Ham?"

We are ourselves suffering for an answer, and while pro-slavery theologians, like the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Vermont are preparing a proper response, we solicit information on the following points:

Wherein does the great law of Ham differ, in provision, from that of roast Beef?

Is the Ham referred to of a kind that can be smoked or dried, boiled, broiled, or fried?

Does the great law of Ham furnish the original precedent for the custom of the "whole hog or none," or develop in its operation the great principle of "root, hog, or die?"

Does the great law of Ham include Bacon; if so, it is strong enough to control the "rasher" of the two?

Was Ham bred under the great law, or only mustered?

Does the law extend and apply to "the Ham-fat man?"

Is the great law founded upon the natural relation between Ham-and-Eggs?

But, more seriously speaking, and as applied to the negro, was the great law of Ham properly enforced, in May last (*vide* the records of Montgomery Hall Hospital, Surgeon Phipps in charge), upon a party of thirty negroes who had followed Wilson's raiders, and, returning, were surprised, thirty miles east of Montgomery, while asleep, and set upon by one Ferguson, or Foster, an overseer? Did he execute the great law of Ham properly upon—

"Jacob Steele—both ears cut off?"

"Amanda Steele—both ears cut off?"

"Nancy Steele—both ears cut off?"

Is that the way Ham is sliced under the great law in Alabama?

Does the great law provide that Ham shall be pared (see same hospital record) thus:

"Mary Steele—scalped; whole side of head carved clean away; died?"

Does the great law prescribe that Ham shall be cured after this fashion:

"Luther Jones—beard and chin cut off?"

Or that ham shall be peppered in this manner:

"Washington Booth—Shot in the back with a load of buckshot while returning peaceably from his work?"

Does the great law direct that Ham shall be prepared for pickle (see same hospital report) in this style:

"Robert, servant of Col. Hough, of Gen. Smith's staff—stabbed on steps of a house by a confederate soldier, dying six days after, on 9th of July?"

"James Taylor—stabbed, one-half mile from town, seven times in the lungs, twice in the arms, grazed by two shots, one arm cut one-third off?"

"James Monroe—cut across the throat, while saddling a horse, by a white man, August 18?"

We begin to see what "the great law of Ham" means in Alabama, and if we did not, the record of the Freedmen's Hospital, at Montgomery, furnishes a complete exposition.

The great law of Ham was enforced in this manner since the 22d of July:

"William Brown, shot in the left hand, near this city."

"William Matthews, about 11th August, shot in his arm, on Matthews' plantation, near town, at the request of Matthews."

"Amos Whetstone, shot through the neck, July 18, by the son-in-law of his master, named John A. Houser."

On the whole, we have made up our mind not to wait for an answer from Rev. Nehemiah Adams, or anybody else. We are of opinion that the negro, "by emigration to the land of the white man," has not escaped the great law of Ham. He has been roasted under it, boiled under it, sliced under it, carved under it, peppered under it, pickled under it, and pretty effectually cured under it. He has had a fair share of the great law of Ham, in Alabama, and we are free to say that we are not sorry that the great law has been set aside. We have had enough of it on this continent. Humanity demands that Ham hereafter shall be served up under the same general laws that apply to the treatment of other human flesh. Let us have done with "the great law of Ham."

SOUTHERN HATRED OF THE NORTH.

THE Chicago *Tribune* publishes a letter, says the *Free South*, from a gentleman who was for ten years a resident of Louisiana, and nearly four years an officer in the Federal service, and at present engaged in business pursuits which bring him in close connection with the people of the South, and give him abundant opportunity of knowing their sentiments. He says:

"I read in Northern papers that the whole population of the rebel States are now loyal to the Government, and glad to see the beauteous folds of the old flag float out upon the breezes of the South, and have in a few short months buried all disloyalty to the Federal authority and hatred to Northern men deep in the rich soil of their favored land. But let me assure you this is utterly false. I have yet to meet one Southern rebel who has in the least changed his sentiments toward the hated Federal Government or the detested 'Yankee.' They are completely whipped and subjugated, but not in the least changed or convinced. I hear every day, from the most intelligent of the people, bitter denunciations of the authorities at Washington, and vindictive invectives against the 'Yankees' by the ignorant masses. But one sentiment pervades this State, and that is hostility and hatred to the powers that have conquered them. These facts should be universally known in the North. Blindness to these on the part of the authorities would endanger the peace we have struggled so hard to establish. 'Eternal vigilance' on the part of the Government will alone secure permanent peace in the rebel States.

The quiet that to-day pervades these States is forced. Nothing but bayonets will make this people loyal. They are not an erring people who acknowledge themselves in the fault and are willing to return to their allegiance to the best Government in the world, but a subjugated and conquered populace who hate the powers that subdued them, and detest the Government that has always protected them, and is to-day offering them a clemency that amounts almost to injustice. Let the people of the North and Northwest know the serpent is only crushed, not killed. These are simple facts. Follow me through the little hamlets, the wretched country towns, the princely halls, the filthy cabins, and even the large cities of the South, and listen with me to the voices that go up continually from all these, and you will know treason only slumbers, and in that sleep dreams of again lighting the torch of civil war."

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

From the Norfolk, Va., Post.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

WE have received the record of this eminent statesman, on the great question of reorganization. It is contained in a pamphlet recently published, and embodied in certain resolutions offered, and speeches made by him, in the Senate chamber during the last session of Congress. Mr. Sumner is now the acknowledged leader of the Senate, and he will yield a powerful influence in deciding the destinies of the South during the coming winter at Washington. Listening Senators, and an expectant world, will lean forward to catch the oracular utterances, which, with no ambiguous tongue, will flow from his lips, to decide the fate of States. It is a fact that must not be lost sight of, that Mr. Sumner's voice is a controlling power in Congress, and that it was his great influence which kept the representatives from Louisiana, Tennessee and Arkansas out of the House, and their Senators, as also the Senator from Virginia, out of the Senate, when they applied for admission at the last session. He was not satisfied with the manner of their election, and the loyalty of the States they represented, mainly because the negroes did not vote; and the door was closed upon them. Mr. Sumner belongs to the radical wing of the Republican party, and favors negro suffrage; and it remains to be seen whether that portion of the party will be strong enough in the coming Congress to carry out their avowed intention to exclude the representatives of the South, and keep the late rebellious States under military control, until the latter shall agree to their radical demands. In a speech delivered by Mr. Sumner, in June, 1864, in the Senate, on the question of the admission of Mr. Fishback, of Arkansas, the learned Senator thus closes his argument, in which he reviewed the whole powers of the Government bearing on the question:

"Of course, when within the confines of a State the rebellion is triumphantly subdued, and the great body of the people testifies an unmistakable loyalty; when local elections can be held according to the ordinary municipal forms; when the laws and not arms prevail; and when a government, republican in fact as in name, making slavery forever impossible, under any form or pretence, has been permanently established—then will Congress, by proper legislative action, rejoice to welcome the newly constituted State to its equal share in the National Government. *But such welcome must not be precipitate.* It can be offered only after a most careful inquiry into the actual condition of things, and the assured conviction that the rebel State has been newly constituted in fact as in name. And this caution is needed not only for the good of the Union, but for the good of the newly constituted State, which must be saved from premature responsibilities beyond the measure of its present powers.

"Sir, it is much to be a State in full fellowship and equality with other States represented in this Chamber and in the other Chamber, with a voice in the election of President and Vice-President, and with a star on the national flag. To be admitted into these prerogatives and privileges, a State must be 'above suspicion,' and it must be able to use well all the great powers which belong to a State. But if a State is not yet 'above suspicion,' and if it is not strong enough to stand alone even against domestic disturbers, it cannot expect immediate recognition. It must wait yet a little longer, until restored at last in character and in strength, it can do all the duties of a State, and with master-hand grasp that Ulyssean bow which pretenders strive in vain to bend."

But upon the direct issue as to the power of Congress to interfere with the right of suffrage in the States, we are not left to grope in the dark. In answer to an interrogatory propounded during a debate in the Senate on the admission of the Louisiana Senators, by Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, Mr. Sumner said:

"I answer at once, as a constitutional lawyer, *that at the present time*, under the words of the Constitution of the United States, declaring that the United States shall guarantee to every State a Republican form of Government, it *is the bounden duty of the United States, by act of Congress, to guarantee complete freedom to every citizen, and immunity from all oppression, and absolute equality before the law.* No government that fails to guarantee these things, can be recognized as Republican in form according to the theory of the Constitution of the United States, *when the United States are called to enforce the constitutional guaranty.*"

After further discussion, the following passage occurred:

MR. HENDERSON—"To secure national supremacy, you must have the aid of State authority. For legitimate State authority you must rely upon the *loyal voters.*"

MR. SUMNER—"*There is where I agree precisely with the Senator; and I should like to hold him to that.* He says the loyal men must form the government, and we should recognize that government; and yet he insists upon a mere oligarchy forming it, and an oligarchy of the skin."

In reply to a question whether he believed secession could take a State out of the Union, he answered:

"*I have always said just the contrary. No act of secession can take a State out of this Union; but the State continues under the Constitution of the United States, subject to all its requirements and behests, including especially the guaranty of a Republican form of Government.* The government of the State is subverted by secession. The Senator does not recognize it as legal or constitutional, I believe, any more than I do. Where, then, is the difference between us? There is no government which he or I recognize; but we do hold that the whole region, the whole territory, is under the Constitution of the United States, to be protected and governed by it."

Thus we have the principles of the leader and ablest debater in the Senate—and they are opposed to an oligarchy of *skin*. In other words, he favors negro suffrage. The South must therefore be prepared to encounter his determined opposition to the admission of her representatives and Senators, and he is sustained, we believe, by a majority in Congress.

WHO ARE "THE SOUTH?"

THE N. Y. *Times* sees fit to say that

"President Johnson founds all his practical policy upon the presumption that the South is fit to be trusted. *His Radical opponents found theirs upon the presumption that the South is unfit to be trusted.*"

Here a Unionist journal coolly assumes that the Southern caste which has determinedly, notoriously, devoted four years to a desperate, desolating effort to divide and destroy the Union, constitute "the South," to the exclusion of that decided majority of the people of several States, that very large proportion of the people of *all* the States lately in revolt, who never sympathized with the Rebellion, but gave their prayers and their best efforts to the triumph of the Union. Of so flagrant and unjust a misrepresentation the *Times* has no right to be guilty.

The *Tribune* is called Radical; yet it has never demanded more than that the Unionists of the South shall be put on a footing of political equality with those who instigated and upheld the Rebellion. Is this unreasonable? Give power in the South to the *whole* People, and we insist that they are *not* "unfit to be trusted;" but, if the 250,000 rebels in South Carolina are to have all power in that State, which has at least 650,000 inhabitants—a great majority of them heartily, uniformly loyal—why then the case is bravely altered. But do not accuse us of holding "the South unfit to be trusted," for it is not so.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TENNESSEE LOYALTY.—The *Commercial Advertiser* has a letter from Nashville, Tenn., of the 9th inst., which says:

"The 'high-tones,' as the Western soldier calls the 'chivalry,' make many asseverations of an intended loyalty, but I notice that the officers of the Union army, who have established themselves here, generally distrust them. A young cavalry officer, who has married a Southern wife and settled here, near her friends, declared to me the other day that if our forces were withdrawn from Nashville to-day at noon, he would leave before night. All seem to agree that our firmest allies are the contrabands. A gentleman spoke to me of the Western army as being 'abolitionized.' Another officer said, 'As between the nigger and the white man, I'm for the white man; as between the nigger and the secessionist, I'm for the nigger.'

"Among the Northerners on the ground here, both soldiers and civilians, so far as I have seen, I can trace no opposition to negro suffrage. All seem to regard it as a proper enough and perhaps needful set-off to the compulsory, untrustworthy loyalty of the 'high-tones,' and the ignorance of the poor whites."

MISSOURI AND THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.—The attitude of the Catholic clergy, in Missouri, says the Boston *Christian Register*, towards the civil authorities, bodes trouble. The late convention requires all clergymen to take the oath of allegiance to the new constitution. This is not in accordance either with the pro-slavery spirit of the Catholic clergy or the teaching of the pope's encyclical. So some of them refuse. Gov. Fletcher has no alternative. He must execute the law, and has expressed his determination to do so. Archbishop Kenrick, we are told, declares he will not take the oath or let the priests obey the law. What then? If the priest refuses and persists in performing his ecclesiastic duties, he will be arrested. The Catholics will be intensely excited, and probably there will be a mob. As the Irish hate the negro, and are deeply attached to their church, the two most powerful passions—the antipathy of race and religious zeal—will arouse them almost to madness. Still the question must be met, and the Government be sustained, even at the cost of blood. We therefore watch with solicitude the incipient movements of this "Romish rebellion in Missouri."

FUTURE OF FREEDMEN IN LOUISIANA.

[The Norristown (Pa.) *Independent* has the following from "a gentleman in New Orleans, who has spent considerable time there, and been a close and constant observer of passing events."]

THE future of the freedmen—six months ago so bright in prospect—is now clouded over with portentous threatenings of disaster!

The *lenient*—absurd and preposterous I call them—measures of the Washington Administration, permit rebels to take an oath, which they are ready and willing to break whenever it may best suit their purpose. And so thousands, as thoroughly rebel at heart as when the confederate flag waved over the City of New Orleans, *now take the Oath of Allegiance*, simply that they may prevent the African element from appearing at the polls, and to elect officers who are pledged to prevent, as far as they dare, the education of the colored race, with the ultimate view of bringing them back into Slavery! "State Rights," is again the *rallying cry!*

One of the "old and prominent citizens" of this place, told me a short time since, that "he didn't care a d—d bit for the oath or the U. S. Government either—but he would *take* it and stop the *nigger* from voting." He meant he would help stop them from doing so.

Another remarked—"The Amnesty Oath costs just *two dollars and a quarter*, and it is just as cheap to break it as to take it, *and help put down the nigger.*"

The action of President Johnson in this matter, is similar to that of a couple of men who have had a fisticuff battle, when the defeated cries enough, the victor gets off him, shakes hands with the vanquished—when he suddenly remembers that he has a pair of revolvers in his pocket—pulls them out, throws one away and gives the other to his enemy, and tells him to prove whether he is yet a friend or enemy, by the use he makes of the weapon! The malignant foe, seeing his opportunity, shoots his too trusting opponent!

This, as things are going now, will have a practical illustration in Southern politics. There is strong evidence *now* that in two or three years hence, the "UNION AS IT WAS" will be restored! When that happens, *let me go to England or Australia!*

EMIGRATION TO BRAZIL.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

A LARGE amount of effort is being made to bring the resources of Brazil before the late rebels of the South, with the view of encouraging them to emigrate thither. For some weeks past the South has been flooded with lectures, pamphlets, letters, etc., upon the extraordinary advantages that would attend a settlement in that country. Agents had been sent there to "spy out the land," and they uniformly report it to be a "goodly land, flowing with milk and honey," or in other words, it is a prolific grain country, and a vast depository of all the minerals known to commerce. Everything found or grown in the United States is abundant there, with much to which we are strangers. In addition to special agents, letters have been sent by leading Southerners to North Americans residing there, and volumes have been returned in reply. One of these replies, occupying five columns and a half of that extensive sheet, the Missouri *Republican*, of Tuesday, was written to a friend in St. Louis, who had especially requested it, showing that the Brazil fever not only prevails in the late rebel States, but has extended as far Northwest as Missouri. In the Mobile *Advertiser and Register* of the 27th ult., we find the fourth article on the same subject, which, together with the previous articles, makes an essay on Brazil of about fifteen columns.

It should be remarked, however, that the Southern press is disgusted with Brazil, and not only is disinclined to print such information, but a large part of its editorial effort is being expended in attempting to persuade the citizens of the South to stay at home. To this end they set forth the other side of the question, dwell upon the endurances to which all emigrants are subject, the large amount of capital required, and the probable disappointments which they will encounter; in short, the Southern editors would have them understand that Brazil, like Jordan, is a hard road to travel.

THE MINGLING—OR THE NEW SOCIAL REVOLUTION AT THE SOUTH.

SHARP, sudden, and but half credible as the statement may come, the union of the races has begun. The African and the Caucasian streams are now uniting, and not here in the North where amalgamation was predicted, but at the South. We make this extract from a letter just received, says the New York *Citizen* (a paper far from friendly to the colored race), to show the basis of our allegation:

"There is one phase of the peace that is so common, we no longer gossip about it; the women and girls of the 'poor whites' are (in so great quantities that it may be charged of them as a class), choosing protectors out of the negro population. There are really not enough white men in North Carolina to marry the women. They were conscripted, killed; many of them have disappeared northward, westward, or where not? And since slavery has gone up, their wives, widows, and girls, for the lack of society, for need of bread, for the social demoralization in which they were half indoctrinated, have found it more eligible or compulsory to accept the guardianship of the able-bodied, emancipated, and aggressive darkey. You may rely upon it that in North Carolina to-day there are thousands of families supported by black men, who have been elevated to the conjugal and business head of the house. We really deprecate this less than you imagine. Socially the poor whites amongst us were always lower than the negroes, and there is a very filmy prejudice to overcome in the woman's case. Possibly out of this unnatural union both races may be helped. We are sitting in grim regard of this among other results of the battle, and wonder where we are drifting, and whether the old blood of which we were so proud is not to change its hue in the coming generation."

THE BENEVOLENT HOWARD.—Gen. Howard is managing the bureau for the support of big, fat

man, no matter what color God gave him, may defend himself when unjustly assailed. It is no longer a criminal offence in this State for a black man to resent an injury from a white one.—*Parkersburg (West Va.) Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTIONS.

We always criticized Lincoln's policy as wholly inadequate to its hour. Instead of eagerly snatching the opportunity, right, and power that war gave us to do everything the crisis needed, everything necessary to insure a radical and permanent cure, he went on experimenting to find out how little would suffice to patch up an hour's peace, and, having first abolished *chattelism*—man-ownership—on parchment, in words, to restore the Union *as it was*. This short-sighted effort poisoned his whole career. We hazard nothing in saying that history will recognize this as the great mistake of his Administration, destined, we fear, to be the source of many ills. It endured till his last hour, and fell a welcome mantle on the shoulders of his successor. Mr. Johnson is acting on the same plan.

Heedless admirers of Mr. Lincoln excused him on the ground that he did as much as the people *demanded*,—all that, judging by the *official expression* of public opinion, he could venture to do. We always allowed that, taking the *average* of the country, Mr. Lincoln was ahead of the official expression of public opinion. Not being a statesman, not willing or able to be a leader, he could not or would not look behind this sham of *official* utterance, and recognize that the people, though they did not imperiously demand, were yet enthusiastically willing, eager, for much more than he ever did, and for what he did much sooner than he ventured to do it. In Lincoln's day, we urged representative men, public bodies, and State Conventions to deal with this evil, and, by making known to him the real state of public feeling, enhearten or compel him to go forward; urged them to build, with frank speech untrammelled by party fears and plans, such a road as even he would be willing to tread. They neglected this patent duty, made their utterances parrot echoes of what they fancied his wish and prejudice to be, or the timid statement of what they supposed would serve their party. They share now, therefore, with him the grave fault of having been so recreant to duty that, in all probability, it will take twenty years of toil and strife to repair their mistake and atone for their fault.

The same momentous delinquency burdens us to-day. Mr. Johnson is stumbling on with short-sighted prejudice, in the same path that Lincoln trod under disastrous, however honest, delusion. Washington letter-writers are offering for him the old Lincoln excuse. One of them says:

"The President expressed a desire to ratisfy the sentiment of Republicans in the Free States on this question. He is just at present puzzled to ascertain what is the sentiment of his political friends on the subject of colored suffrage. Who can tell him? If the caucus and the convention are the authorized exponents of the average sentiment of the party, is he not at liberty to believe that the Middle States and the West are opposed to 'negro suffrage?' And if he does infer, from the cowardice of leading Republicans, that such is the case, why should we blame him? It is not to be expected that a Tennessee slaveholder (till the war began) shall occupy ground in advance of Northern Republicans on questions connected with the free colored population of the South. The moral of all this (to my thinking) is, that we have work to do North as well as South. Mr. Johnson is a good deal more thorough in his anti-slavery views than Mr. Weed and other Republican leaders in Pennsylvania, New York, and the West."

Let us look a little at this sham—"*official expression of public opinion*"—this sham, behind which timid and selfish men so love to hide themselves. A man of leading national repute is about to make a speech, one of those relied on as a somewhat official expression of public opinion. He has political chances before him and voters behind him. He is not willing to risk any of the former; he is very desirous to increase the number of the latter. If his speech suits the Administration, the door of advancement will be wide open to him. If his speech suits the Administration, any one of his voters who seeks office will find his voice potent at the White House, and will value him accordingly. Hence the speaker dislikes, very naturally, to utter any but Administration truth. Then as to voters. If such a speaker, in critical times, talks right out Radicalism, he pleases a few thinkers and disgusts the unready mass. But if he is neither hot nor cold, the few Radicals will submit to his re-election from the same motive that Dr. Johnson said men married a second time, "more from hope than from experience." The Conservatives, unable to carry the dead weight of a man of their way of thinking, will gladly accept one who they suspect does not really believe the half-Radicalism he professes.

A convention is only a mob of such leading men with their retinue. In doubtful times two-thirds of them do not see, and the other third does not wish to see, or will not tell what it sees. They have a party to keep together, an Administration to support, and are anxiously careful—some from sincere patriotism, more from selfish motives—not to break with their fellows and so lose the helm of the Government. Hence one sees the same amount of that dastardly virtue, prudence, in their utterances.

Now it is true that the several Republican State Conventions have refused to take square ground on the negro suffrage question, and have most of them—all but one, we believe—expressed full satisfaction with the President's policy and plan of Reconstruction. If the President were a statesman, he would count this as but one element in calculating the national wish; and with a broad view over all the elements of the problem, he would venture bravely all that statesmanship, wise, sagacious, and true statesmanship, shows possible and necessary for our honor and safety. But he is not a statesman; he is not even as impressible as Lincoln by high considerations. His nature is much lower than Lincoln's. We must criticize and allow for him, solely as a politician. As such, if honest, he is bound to ask himself, is this *official* expression of public opinion by conventions of leading men, in each State, dictated by their real conviction that this is as much as their people and public will bear? If so, then as a politician, and honestly desirous to retain my party idea in power, I must be on my guard and not go so far beyond it as to risk defeat at the ballot-box. But even as a politician he is bound also to ask himself this further question: Is this opinion dictated by fear to oppose me and my supposed wishes; fear of risking a break with the Administration, and thus sundering the party so that the Government would pass into Democratic hands? If he finds this to be the case, he is bound to disregard it. It would be arrant hypocrisy to quote it as apology for his course. Let him utter his better purpose, if he has one, and save us from this mutual and disastrous misunderstanding.

President Johnson has been in political life more than a quarter of a century. He has been engaged in the manufacture of party resolutions many a time, and knows well the emptiness and routine character of party conventions; specially when a self-willed President is understood to have set his foot obstinately down in a certain spot. No man understands this machinery better than he. We therefore wholly refuse to believe him confused or doubting because of convention resolutions passed in order to endorse what are supposed to be his wishes.

We believe that fear of the President, deference to his wishes, dread of driving him into Democratic hands, is the true explanation of the silence of Republican Conventions. We believe they are by a large majority ready for negro suffrage, and that they do profoundly mistrust the policy of the President on this point.

Take the Massachusetts Convention, whose resolutions are decidedly the boldest. Why do they utter only praise of the President, while every man in the State knows they gaze with fearful anxiety on his present course? MR. SUMNER is frank, square, direct, and defiant. He lays down this principle, and that, and that; then says, in effect, "Here I stand—here I fight—on this line—no matter who deserts or opposes it—President or what not." The whole Convention, the whole State, applauds. Seven out of ten say Amen, and two of the other three are silent, not wishing to dissent. But the *Convention*—ah! "We must not offend the White House. It won't do to risk cutting loose, and losing the Government." So the resolutions are prudent, very prudent. "We think so and so but we don't mean to quarrel with any body who differs. Speak the President fair. Something may turn up before December; and so, as sagacious patriots, let us temporize a little, and not by centrifugal repulsion send Johnson and the Government off among the Democrats."

Such calculations are for their level, not ours. We only say they are bound, *in some way*, to let Johnson know unmistakably what is the real state of public opinion. *They have never yet uttered it officially and they know they have not.* They acted this same farce with Lincoln till, the people being deluded and confused, he absorbed all power, and they then excused their pusillanimous sycophancy before him on the ground that they had made him too strong to resist! They are pursuing the same course with his substitute and successor.

Away with the pretence that his present plan is only an experiment! His acts contradict the notion. He sends Chief Justice Chase South, saying, "I have no plan, I wait for your judgment to adopt one." Then he launches a wholesale plan without waiting. He sends Gen. Schurz the same road, saying, "My plan is an experiment; I'll change it if your testimony is adverse." His testimony is adverse to the plan, but the President changes him, not it. An experiment in Justice! in National Honor! in the rights, comfort, and lives of four millions of our most loyal men! Suppose it fails? The counters of the game have been the hearts of living men, and the penalty of failure is death and innumerable woes to millions. Suppose it succeeds? Then to the wicked prejudice of one man, National Honor, Justice, and a Race, have all been sacrificed—needlessly, infamously sacrificed! And yet public bodies hesitate to express an opinion while such an experiment is trying. Then let such forever after hold their peace. Silence now is complicity in all time to come.

The President, a Southerner, "loving the Southern people," is just what we ought to have expected him to be when this same calculating prudence sacrificed HARLIN to him:—a Southerner, narrow-minded, short-sighted, obstinate, full of sectional bias, and wicked prejudice of race. If the Republican party by silence now give him unchecked sway, they are themselves the traitors, and not only deserve to lose the helm but are industriously working to lose it.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, WIRZ, AND SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

CUNNING men never directly declare their purpose, but it is almost impossible for them to prevent some indirect betrayal of it. Watching these unconscious acts is the best means to guess the real plans of politicians.

At one end of Pennsylvania Avenue a trial is going on which clearly reveals the brutal and fiendish spirit of the South. Every form of torture that ingenious and cruel rage could invent, loathsome meanness, unblushing falsehood, hideous barbarity, continued for months with nothing from any quarter of the South that deserves the name of a protest,—all these are brought home by overwhelming evidence to the South's door. The record is the foulest blot on the civilization of the century—we should say on Christianity itself, had the territory been within the limits of Christendom. The miserable caitiff seems struck with death by the bare recital of his own crimes.

Babblers talk of the "brute Wirz." He responds, "I was only a tool," and it proves that Richmond itself, Winder, Seddon, Davis, were all responsible for each specific act. This is indeed no shadow of excuse for him. There are crimes so atrocious that, as Tacitus says, *Sponte an coactus tam magna peccavisset, nihil referre*—it matters not whether a man committed them of his own accord or by compulsion. They so outrage our common humanity that, either way, he is equally infamous. But the fact of orders from Richmond to starve and torture prisoners of war stamps the Confederacy itself murderer and assassin, brutal and fiendish.

At the same hour that this trial is going on at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, a delegation from the very men responsible for these hellish deeds, stands before the President at the other end of the Avenue. He thus addresses them:

"I know that I am of the Southern people, *and I love them*, and will do all in my power to restore them to that state of happiness and prosperity which they enjoyed before the madness of misguided men in whom they reposed their confidence led them astray to their own undoing.

* * * * * * * *

"I know the nature of the Southern people well enough to know that when they have become convinced of an error, they *frankly acknowledge it in a manly, open, direct manner*; and now, in the performance of that duty, or, indeed, in any act they undertake to perform, *they do it heartily and frankly*; and now that they come to me, I understand them as saying this: 'We made the issue. We set up the union of the States against the institution of slavery; we selected as arbitrator the God of battles; the arbitrament was the sword. The issue was fairly and honorably met. Both the questions presented have been settled against us, and we are prepared to accept the issue.'

"*I find on all sides this spirit of candor and honor prevailing.*

* * * * * * * *

"The day is not distant when we shall feel like some family that have had a deep and desperate feud, the various members of which have come together and compared the evils and sufferings they had inflicted upon each other. They had seen the influence of their error and its result, and, governed by a GENEROUS SPIRIT OF CONCILIATION, they had become MUTUALLY FORBEARING AND FORGIVING, and returned to their OLD HABITS OF FRATERNAL KINDNESS, and become better friends than ever.

"Then let us consider that the feud which alienated us has been settled and adjusted to our mutual satisfaction, and that we come together to be bound by *firmer bonds of love, respect, and confidence than ever.*

* * * * * * * *

"The issue has been made and decided; then, as wise men—as men who see right and are determined to follow it, as *fathers and brothers*, and as men who love their country in this hour of trial and suffering—why cannot we come up and help to settle the questions of the hour and adjust them according to the principles of *honor and justice?*

* * * * * * * *

"The former status of the negro had to be changed, and we, as wise men, must recognize so patent a fact and adapt ourselves to circumstances, as they surround us. [Voices—We are willing to do so.] I believe you are. I believe when your faith is pledged, when your consent has been given, as I have already said, I believe IT WILL BE MAINTAINED IN GOOD FAITH, AND EVERY PLEDGE OR PROMISE FULLY CARRIED OUT. [Cries—It will.]

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, the issue was made by the South against the Government, and the Government has triumphed; and the South, TRUE TO HER ANCIENT INSTINCTS OF FRANKNESS AND MANLY HONOR, comes forth and expresses her willingness to abide the result of the decision IN GOOD FAITH.

We were sick, years ago, of this talk about "Southern Chivalry." But our times have seen Libby Prison, Fort Pillow, and Andersonville, seen inhumanity avowed as the *rule* of the South seen perjury to be, in her view, a jest. Whoever now prates of Southern faith, honor, and chivalry, stultifies himself and insults his listeners. To speak of them in the very city burdened with the presence of Wirz, would be ghastly trifling, if the gravity of the crime and the office of the criminal speaker did not make it infamous.

Who believes that the utterer of such words at such a time is competent to hold a fair balance between the North and South, between the loyal and rebel States? The brain that could frame such sentences has learned nothing during the last four years, and betrays its readiness to rebuild the Union as nearly as possible just *as it was*, and to give back to the traitor white blood its old tyrannical predominance. What little doubt we had about President Johnson's purpose fled when we read those words—the old sycophantic worship of the plantation whip, even after war has rubbed off the tinsel some fancied it to have. That speaker is ready to undo the nation. If honest, he is so besotted that we are not sure he really knows the mischief he is doing.

ERA OF GOOD FEELING.—The Springfield *Republican* heads its account of the interviews between the President and Mr. Seward and the delegates from the rebel States "The Era of Good Feeling." An era of good *thinking*, preparatory to good doing, would better subserve the public interest at the present hour. Of the lying letter of the President to Gov. Sharkey, of Mississippi, the *Republican* has this to say:

"The tenor and spirit of the President's letter must satisfy every reader that he does not consider the organization of the reclaimed States an experiment, at least, not a doubtful experiment. He evidently believes thoroughly in the method he has adopted and in the disposition of the majority of the Southern people to return to their duties under the Constitution in good faith. This new exhibition of his confidence will doubtless exasperate those who express such determined unbelief in the President's plan of reconstruction as give the impression that they hope for its failure. Mr. Phillips' ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will clamor still more violently for the President's impeachment by Congress; the Boston *Commonwealth* will still more abound in dismal prophesies of evil, and threaten the country with war, pestilence, and famine if its advice is not heeded; but the President will not be scared out of his usual sleep by any such comminations, and events will march straight on, without pause or perturbation. If Gov. Sharkey and his Mississippi militia do not comport themselves loyally they will have the worst of it, that's all.

Of Gen. Banks the *Republican* says:

"A letter received at Washington from New Orleans says that Gen. Banks has abandoned the intention of making Louisiana his home, and will soon return to Massachusetts. We are glad to hear it. Massachusetts is getting rather short in material for public men. If the sixth district wants the services of its old and tried servant in Congress again, we presume they can be had. We are certain all the rest of the State would be glad to see him there. And we shall be wanting some new senators, by-and-by, in the course of nature."

That will do for the *Republican* in one week.

HAPPY PROSPECTS.—Some of the Southern journals are already indulging in Elysian dreams of their future, and in advance are ascribing the glory of their salvation from "*the machinations of the Radicals*," to the President. The Richmond *Times* sings exultantly thus, at his revocation of Gen. Slocum's order against the organization of Gov. Sharkey's Mississippi militia:

"When the example of that State has been followed by her sisters, and a phalanx of non-slaveholding Southern States send their congressional delegations of loyal men to Washington, their right to admission will be sustained by the President, as well as by the great mass of the Northern people, and the machinations of the Radicals will utterly fail to exclude them, and will come to grief. But this is not all. When all the rest of the States of the late confederacy have followed the example of Mississippi, peace—yes, actual peace—with its long train of inestimable blessings, will again bless our unhappy section. We have the assurance of the President that with the abolition of slavery and the election of loyal men will come the complete restoration of all our rights; no more martial law, no more military commissions, no more suspensions of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, but each and every man will enjoy all the rights, immunities, and privileges which constituted "civil liberty" before the land was scourged by civil war. Then will all disabling test oaths, all exclusions from office, and all the legislation peculiar to a state of civil war be swept away, to make way for a happier and better era."

VIRGINIA FREEDOM.—President Asa Mahan sends the following to the Lorain County *News*. It illustrates Virginia loyalty, and the liberty colored persons of the most exalted worth will be sure to taste, so soon as State sovereignty is restored there:

"WHEELING, Aug. 29, 1865.

"As we were about leaving the depot of this city this morning, the Rev. Henry Lee, of Oberlin, Ohio, who was quietly seated in the car in which myself and several friends were seated, Col. Geer, U. S. A., among others, an individual, the professed conductor of the train, entered, and peremptorily demanded of Mr. Lee that he should leave and take a seat in the smoking car. Mr. L. informed the intruder that he had purchased a seat in the first-class cars, and should remain where he was. This he was informed could not be. As Mr. L. refused to leave, the conductor and another individual professing authority commenced a violent assault upon him. As Mr Lee's arm was extended to sustain himself by holding on to the railing, the individual last referred to struck Mr. L's. arm with his foot, and that with great violence, evidently intending to break it. To me it is surprising that the arm was not broken. The passengers expostulated, and Col. Geer went out and returned with the Superintendent of the Road, who put a stop to the violence, and gave Mr. Lee his rights.

WE find the following in the Washington correspondence of the Muncie (Ind.) *Times*. This illustration of Virginia slave-breeding needs no comment. The facts stated, we are assured, says the Boston *Transcript*, are strictly true, and of public notoriety at Washington:

Charlie Syphax, colored man, having a considerable quantity of white blood in his veins, is a man of intelligence and excellent character, and is messenger to Secretary Harlan. It also happens that this colored man is a *half-brother* to Mrs. Gen. Robert E. Lee, and grandson of George Washington Parke Custis, who was a step-son of George Washington! That is quite a pedigree, is it not? There are seven other men of the same parentage, all brothers, two of whom have been employés of the Interior Department for a number of years. It is also asserted as a well known fact that Mrs. Gen. Lee has in all some forty half-brothers and sisters of the same sort in and around this city.

Gov. Brown, the ex-rebel Governor of Georgia, is here seeking a pardon at the hands of the President. He had occasion one day this week to call upon Secretary Harlan, and, as is customary, sent in his card by the messenger, Mr. Syphax. When he had departed on his mission, a gentleman with whom he was conversing, said:

"Governor, the *gentleman* who has taken in your card is a half-brother to Mrs. Gen. Robert E. Lee, wife of the late commander-in-chief of the rebel armies."

"Ah!" replied the Governor, in a manner indicating no surprise whatever at the fact.

Why should he be surprised? Is not the South full of such cases? Is not amalgamation one of the settled kindred principles and effects of slavery? Let us hear no more twaddle about Republicans being amalgamators!

HERE are three items to illustrate that noble spirit of frankness in which the South—which the President eulogizes, for it—accepts the situation.

Two young Virginians who were recently discharged from the Union Army, returned to their homes in Green County, when they were informed that they would certainly be assassinated, if they remained, by ex-rebel soldiers.

A private letter from Mississippi says that most of the militia now being organized in that State express their determination not to be mustered under any other but the State flag, the stars and stripes not excepted. The same letter also states that a regularly organized gang, composed of ex rebel soldiers, has recently been formed at Vicksburg for the purpose of embarrassing, in every way possible, the action of Government officers in the State.

An unofficial letter recently received from an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau at Sheridan, Miss., states that of 22,770 DESTITUTE PEOPLE SUBSISTED BY THE GOVERNMENT, BUT 770 ARE NEGROES.

THE *Argus*, in Memphis, Tenn., in the Nineteenth Century (not Memphis in Egypt, forty centuries ago), proposes the removal of Gen. Howard from the Freedmen's Bureau and nominates Gov. Sharkey for the office—because "no Northern born and bred man can possibly administer that bureau as well as one born in the South, and familiar with the negro race, their habits, nature, and character."

PERSONAL.

A dispatch from New Orleans says: Gen. Beauregard has taken the oath of allegiance and will make application for a pardon.

The Rochdale *Observer*, which is understood to be the special organ of John Bright, states that it is not true that he is about to pay a visit to the United States.

John Robbins, an old, successful, and eccentric New York merchant and banker, is dead at the age of 86. He left about $4,000,000 to lucky nephews and nieces; being a bachelor.

We see, in the North Bridgewater (Mass.) *Gazette*, that Mr. Caleb Easton, of that town, died on the 7th inst., aged seventy-four years and eleven months. He belonged to the colored race, and secured and enjoyed through his long life the respect and esteem of those who knew him.

The first colored student at Harvard College, Mr. Richard T. Greener of Boston, entered the Freshman class on Friday last. He is a young man of ability and sterling character, says the Boston *Journal*, and has the best wishes of many who are interested in his success.

An accident of the same distressing character as that upon the Matterhorn has occurred in the Swiss Alps. A Herr Hopfner, from Dresden, attempted the ascent of the Ditlis at Engelberg with a guide, and both perished. The bodies were recovered and brought into Engelberg.

Martin F. Conway, formerly member of Congress from Kansas, has published a letter in support of President Johnson's plan of reorganization. Mr. Conway, formerly an uncompromising Radical, is now a resident of Richmond, Va., counsel for numberless rebel applicants for pardon, and we fear is to be reckoned among the lost sheep of Israel.

A grand complimentary dinner was given to Hon. Schuyler Colfax and party and a number of local celebrities, by the "Six Chinese Companies in California," at San Francisco, on the 17th of August. The feast began at six o'clock p. m. and lasted till twelve. It consisted of 336 dishes, forming 130 courses, and was served at three distinct sittings.

Lieut. P. Vogelsang—colored—of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, holding a commission of second lieutenant, has been honorably mustered out of service, after having filled the position of sergeant as the regiment left the State, and later that of quartermaster's sergeant and quartermaster to the regiment, which latter he held until it was disbanded, with satisfaction to his superiors.

George Brackett died in Concord, N. H., on the 15th inst., after a severe illness of a few weeks' duration. Mr. Brackett, says the Concord *Monitor*, was identified with a proscribed race, in color, but was a most valuable citizen in the practical duties of life, and put to shame by his quiet, unobtrusive habits, many a pale face who has yet to do his first act for the good of his fellow-men.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* has been on a trip into Germany and Switzerland, and writing, on the 14th of August, of his visit to Berne, mentions in the following terms the Hon. George G. Fogg, of New Hampshire, for the last four years Minister Resident of the United States in Switzerland:

"At the railway station we met the Minister of the United States at the Swiss capital. No man in or out of our or any other country's diplomatic or other service has more lofty, pure, or noble views than this gentleman, the windows of whose hospitable cottage look out on the panorama of the snow-covered Bernese Alps. He was good enough to point out to us the Mirabilia and Memorabilia of the place, an office for which his large kindness, his high intelligence, and long residence make him plenipotential."

The Richmond *Times*, a copperhead rebel journal, says that Gen. M. R. Patrick the new democratic candidate for the office of State Treasurer in New York, is "an old army officer, saturated with the conservatism of a West Point education, free from radicalism, elevated above the petty, narrow prejudices of sectionalism, scorning to yield to the clamors of faction, and scrupulous in his respect for the civil rights of the defeated confederacy. He so administered the duties of his office when in Richmond as to win the esteem of all whose good opinion was worth possessing. On the other hand, the Norfolk *Post* says that "the choice of Gen. Patrick will please that gentleman's many friends in Richmond, who admire him for his want of patriotic virtues, and for his great love of the notorious Winder." It seems evident that Gen. Patrick has a good many friends in Virginia. It remains to be seen how many he has in New York.

From authority, says the N. Y. *Tribune*, which on such a subject is unimpeachable—the *Express*—we learn that Brooklyn has a negro in the jury-box, and "still lives." How he got there does not appear, but there he is. William Jackson by name, he sits on the panel of the City Court, September Term. That there might be no ceremony wanting, an Irish clerk swore him in. Eleven white men are about him, ready to protect the threatened majesty of the law and the immaculateness of the Court from all harm at the hands of the one negro. So late as the fourth edition of yesterday's *Express*, no collision had occurred. Strange to say, not one of the eleven white men made the slightest objection to William Jackson. A case was called, the case of Skinner v. Hughes, but neither plaintiff nor defendant nor either of the counsel objected to the colored juror. With a black man in the box, the case was actually—the *Express* is still our authority—"proceeded with!" Unhappily our authority at that point fails us. The imagination refuses to peer into the future, and we await further information from the sixteenth edition of to-day's *Express*.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

PLYMOUTH, O., Sept. 5th, 1865.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR,—MR. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH gave a very rare lecture in the great Oberlin Church last Thursday evening. His statement and warning of the danger that the reconstruction of the Southern States will not be made on a basis of justice to the freedmen, was so clear and forcible that his discourse seemed like one of the Old Testament prophecies in solemn burden.

It was no wonder that one of his hearers, overwhelmed with the prospect, exclaimed in horror-struck tones, "My God! is this what the North is going to do?"

An accomplished, superior-minded lady from New Haven, Ct., present, said she had been greatly instructed. Now she understood clearly what were the three proposed methods of reconstruction. Mr. Burleigh brought forward his facts and arguments convincingly, not confusedly.

There was no discourse of such power, of such timely value, in all the five days' gatherings of the thousands of old students and friends of Oberlin, that thronged the same place the (Commencement) week before. We coveted that immense audience back again, that they might carry to their respective centres of influence, in the great West and South, the information, the moral impression so powerfully condensed and conveyed in this grand speech.

How urgently the short time before Congress meets demands such appeals to the conscience, to the honor, to all that is just and merciful in the nation, that it may not again cement the Union with the innocent blood of the black man. Swift and sure will God's judgments descend again upon our land, if, in the face of His righteous retributions, and of the goodness with which He has redeemed us from the treasonous Slave Power, by the loyal hand and heart of these our black brethren, we dare to refuse to make them equal citizens in the States where they were born, and which, without their help, could not have been restored to the Union.

The Congregational Church in this place was filled yesterday afternoon to hear Miss Holley speak on Justice to the Colored Man. There is need of such lectures all over the State—a State which takes the responsibility in its Union Convention of being silent on negro suffrage in the rebel States, and by its candidate for Governor, to openly oppose it.

We meet here an old playmate and school-fellow of William Lloyd Garrison's. He gives us a very interesting account of their young life together in Newburyport, Mass.:

"We went as apprentice lads to a cabinet-maker in Haverhill. William liked the place and liked the man; but the business was not to his mind, and he told me he should not stay. Early one morning he made up his little bundle and was gone. The cabinet-maker asked me why I did not tell him William was going, and hurried off on horseback after him, over the bridge across the Merrimac, on the road to Newburyport. He overtook him in four miles, and demanded he should go back with him; but William was very resolute, and kept right on toward Newburyport. The man went on all the way talking and urging him to return. He had William ride some of the way and he walked; but William continued resolute, and at last, when the man appealed to his mother to urge him to go back, she said it would be of no use, for William had firmly made up his mind the business would never suit him. The next thing I heard of William was, that he was learning to be a printer in the office of the Newburyport *Herald*. I observed a steady and marked improvement, from time to time, as I met him afterward.

"William was always a very correct boy, and whenever vicious boys were engaged in anything bad, he would take me by the arm and say 'Daniel, let us come away.' There was no boy in town my parents liked to have visit me so well; and my father used to pat him on the head and say, 'Willie is a good boy.' He was dutiful to his mother, and always minded her wishes by being punctual to go home at the hour she named. I remember how he used to run in from our play to look at the clock, or send me in to see. When you see Mr. Garrison, if you will mention the name of Daniel Short he will remember me."

I asked Mr. Short how he felt when he used to hear Mr. Garrison called an infidel! He replied that he always said it was so right against all his early principles, that he knew it could not be true. He had convinced many persons it could not be true, by telling them what he knew of Mr. Garrison as a boy. C. F. P.

LITERARY.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July, is so able, and on subjects disconnected from politics so full of good sense, that we lay it down with a feeling of regret that such a periodical should treat public affairs in England and America with bigotry, ill-temper, and an unrelenting opposition to everything that is liberal or progressive. But the London *Quarterly* is the organ of Toryism, and we suppose Toryism must have a review to speak for it every three months, so let us be thankful that the reactionary spirit in politics is not inconsistent with learning, taste, or good English style, and good editing of a literary periodical. Its first article, "Grouse," is of particular interest to English sportsmen, but will be found comfortable after-dinner reading for anybody who likes out-of-door life with dashes of political-economy. It is not in the least solemn or prosy. "The Appian way—Pagan and Christian Sepulchres" we have read in a desultory way for the sake of considerable information which it contains about the early Christians, and not a little genuine learning on some related topics where learning is less common. "Browning's Poems" is an article Littell ought to copy, for while Elizabeth Barrett Browning has had ample justice done to her great merits and genius, her husband, whose genius is other but not less real than hers, is misunderstood and comparatively little read in America. This we say notwithstanding his injustice to America, for we can afford to forgive it, and still admire his poems. It would be too much to say of this review that it does for Browning what Mr. Shairp's paper in the *North British* did for Wordsworth, yet the present article is not unworthy of being mentioned in connection with that. It will do much to clear away the hindrances to that better understanding—if not general popularity—which Robert Browning will one day attain. "The Close of the American War," dishonest as much of it must be pronounced, is one of the strongest arguments for the rebellion that has been printed on either side the water. It is strong enough to deserve to be thoroughly answered. A passage from "Carlyle's Frederic the Great," which we have already quoted, shows the spirit and ability of the article. It is not often that Mr. Carlyle has had a more discriminating judgment passed on his latest work, while the account of the last two volumes is very complete in itself, and is the work of a writer who did not derive all his informations or opinions from the book he reviews. As for the last paper, "The Elections," he may read it who needs to read a Tory view of the condition and prospect of parties and public affairs in Great Britain.—Leonard Scott & Co., Publisher of the American reprint.

We find in the *Transcript* the following interesting paragraphs:

Mr. Longfellow is occupied with the notes for his translation of Dante's great poem. The whole work of translation is finished, but as the notes will be very full, the publication is delayed until the entire body of illustrative matter is finished.

Mr. Lowell is carrying through the press a second series of his "Biglow Papers," adding much that is new and timely to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz have finished reading the proofs of their "Seaside Studies," and the work, a very elegant one, is nearly ready.

Mr. Emerson is preparing a series of essays for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Professor Holmes and Mrs. Stowe are also occupied in the preparation of good things for the same periodical.

Mr. Brownell is correcting the proof sheets of his poems, soon to be issued by Ticknor and Fields. No volume of verse will receive a warmer welcome this year, for the soul of song lives in the vigorous lines of this sterling writer.

Mrs. Child has put into her publisher's hands a new book of great interest, which will soon be issued. The title is not yet announced, but it is understood to be a biographical and anecdotical volume of special import to the present state of our country.

The extensive library of the late George Livermore is to remain intact, the deceased having expressed a wish to that effect. In conformity with this wish, the house, furniture, and library were all bequeathed to Mrs. Livermore, and the collection will remain undisturbed for the present.

Under the title of "The Sign of Five Centuries," the last number of *All the Year Round* contains an article from which we learn that the Tabard, or Talbot, Inn, at Southwark, celebrated as the scene of the Introduction to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," is to be pulled down in about two years, at the expiration of the existing lease, in order that a "pile of warehouses" may be built on the site. This is sad news for all lovers of early English literature—indeed, for all who love to preserve our few remaining relics of old times, and half-forgotten manners. The writer asks: "Will the literary men and the antiquarians of England suffer such a loss without at least making an effort to avert it? There is time enough for the attempt, and time in itself is a great auxiliary. We have saved Shakespeare's house at Stratford; let us all do our best to save Chaucer's house at Southwark. Unquestionably, it will be a disgrace to the country if the old Tabard is destroyed without some more urgent necessity than the building of a pile of warehouses." According to the same article, the White Hart, close to the Tabard—a house mentioned in Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," and famous as the scene of the first introduction of Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick—has been demolished within the last few weeks. We have recently lost many of these curious old buildings; and we can hardly afford to part with the most interesting of all.

The *London Review* thus notices the increasing American demand for English books:

The trades in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia are preparing for a great increase in business during the coming autumn. At the present moment several agents from the large booksellers of the cities just mentioned are in London purchasing stock and making arrangements. Of several English books we hear of as many as one, two, and even three thousand copies being purchased by these agents for shipment across the Atlantic. Fine books, or those of an illustrated or expensive character, are mostly sought after; and in the matter of large papers and choice impressions for fastidious purchasers, the Americans at the present moment are buying largely. Already many of our choice literary treasures have found their way over the sea, and now large stores have been opened in the great Atlantic cities for the sale of old coins, articles of *vertu*, and literary curiosities very similar to those wonderful shops in our to hand, from a Mr. Price, of Philadelphia, informs us that he has a large collection of black-letter books and illuminated MSS. on sale. Amongst his treasures we note books and manuscripts which would make many old English mansions famous if they had them to show. He has "Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie" [by James I.], printed at Edinburgh in 1585 (70 dollars;) "Caxton's Chronicle of Englonde," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1528; "Painter's Palace of Pleasure," 1569; "Higden's Polychronicon," translated by Trevisa, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495; "Littleton's Tenures," one of the earliest printed books in England, and an exceedingly rare volume, printed by Machlinia and Setton in 1480 (110 dollars); "Heures a l'Usage de Rouen," beautifully printed on vellum, 1503; an ancient Biblical Manuscript, *circa* 1250 (100 dollars), and some scores of other literary valuables. The great increase in the value of the rarer English books is now very well accounted for by this foreign demand, in addition to an increasing home taste. When New Zealand and our other colonies shall have given symptoms of bibliomania, the prices, we suppose, will be still higher than they are at present. Australia for some time has been a large consumer of our "set" books—those in many volumes, and which, when handsomely bound, give an air of splendor to a large library. The public library at Melbourne now contains some 40,000 or 50,000 volumes of valuable books.

In a review of a new edition of Cowper's poems the *Athenæum* remarks on the poet:

The time is past when criticism on Cowper's works is called for. Summarily, we may say that we agree with those who acknowledge him as the most refined of didactic poets, who see dignity in his "Table Talk," discernment in his "Progress of Error," earnestness in his "Truth," benevolence in his "Expostulation," and a pure Christian feeling in those and all his other poems—with some exceptions. He wrote of Madan as no man should write who had been indebted to Madan for his first comforting views of religion and peace of mind; for, as Mr. Bruce very properly emphasizes the fact, Cowper did not go mad through excess, but through lack of true religious feeling; and this should never be lost sight of, in judging of Cowper's character. Madan saved him from all the horrors into which a man might not merely fall, but plunge, who could pen such awful Sapphics as Cowper did, with much method in his madness, to illustrate the insanity of his condition.

But men, with Cowper, were only good when they walked as Cowper walked. Chess was frivolous, billiards were sinful, field sports ignoble, and travelling was perilous to virtue; but to hold thread for ladies to wind on their bobbins, to walk in shady groves, to take change of air by change of parish, to dine on the game and venison he would not shoot, to partake of the halibut he would not catch and the oysters he would not have had the heart to open, were things right, proper, and imperative, not only for himself, but for all men.

Throughout his life he relied for support entirely on women. The shoe-buckles of the tyrant of his school seemed twice as dreadful to his mind when he thought of the soft, sweet eyes of his loving mother. When he went into the world, a law student, he was as a ship rudderless on the wild ocean of life, till he was welcomed to his uncle Ashley Cowper's house, and there found a bright, happy home, with the tenderest of friends in one of the daughters, Theodora Cowper, to whom he addressed his early manuscript love ditties, and who, among all the ladies whom poets have loved, is, to our thinking, the most attractive, interesting, mysterious, and provoking.

Critics have long been at war as to the power of the hand to baffle the power of sight, by work almost infinitely minute. Optical work is exceedingly delicate, a thousandth part of an inch being quite a considerable space. Mr. Ruskin asserted, and Mr. Kingsley proved, that Turner's dots and lines were finer than the finest work done upon such lenses as those of Lord Rosse's telescope. By-and-by, the sun may be able to distance even the artist's pencil in producing small and yet perfect work. A friend has sent to us, says the *Athenæum*, from Melbourne, a copy of the Colonial Land Act for 1865, done in the photographic Department of the Land Office in that city, so minute as to be scarcely visible to the eye, the whole fifty-two pages, folio, being printed on a bit of paper about the size of a bank-note. This dainty production is the work of Mr. Moone.

By the decease of Mr. Joseph Parkes, one of the taxing-masters in the Court of Chancery, and widely known amongst members of the Whig party as a most influential ally, the literary world will lose a work of historical criticism and inquiry which would have ranked with the most important books of the kind issued during the present century. In literature, as in politics, Mr. Parkes' great strength lay in his intimate knowledge of the history of parties, and of the various important attempts that have been made towards administrative reform, from the days of "Junius," and the vigorous letters in the *Public Advertiser*, down to the last considerable attempt at a reconstruction of our representative system. It was a complete history of the famous Junius correspondence, with the state of politics at the time, and the undoubted identification of the extraordinary author, that had engaged Mr. Parkes' attention during the last fifteen or twenty years of his life. This important work the deceased gentleman had actually made arrangements for publishing. At present, it is not decided what will be done with the extraordinary series of books and pamphlets illustrating the Junius controversy which Mr. Parkes has left behind him. Efforts will be made to throw the results of the dece

RECONSTRUCTION.

THADDEUS STEVENS ON THE SITUATION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, PA., SEPT. 6, 1865.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: In compliance with your request, I have come to give my views on the present condition of the rebel States—or the proper mode of reorganizing the Government, and the future prospects of the Republic. During the whole progress of the war, I never for a moment felt doubt or despondency. I knew that the loyal North would conquer the rebel despots who sought to destroy freedom. But since that traitorous confederation has been subdued, and we have entered upon the work of "reconstruction" or "restoration," I cannot deny that my heart has become sad at the gloomy prospects before us.

Four years of bloody and expensive war, waged against the United States by eleven States, under a government called the "Confederate States of America," to which they acknowledge allegiance, have overthrown all governments within those States which could be acknowledged as legitimate by the Union. The armies of the Confederate States having been conquered and subdued, and their territory possessed by the United States, it becomes necessary to establish governments therein which shall be republican in form and principles, and form a "more perfect Union" with the parent government. It is decirable that such a course should be pursued as to exclude from those governments every vestige of human bondage, and render the same forever impossible in this nation; and to take care that no principles of self-destruction shall be incorporated therein. In effecting this, it is to be hoped that no provision of the constitution will be infringed, and no principle of the law of nations disregarded. Especially we must take care that in rebuking this unjust and treasonable war, the authorities of the Union shall indulge in no acts of usurpation which may tend to impair the stability and permanency of the nation. Within these limitations, we hold it to be the duty of the Government to inflict condign punishment on the rebel belligerents, and so weaken their hands that they can never again endanger the Union; and so reform their municipal institutions as to make them republican in spirit as well as in name.

We especially insist that the property of the chief rebels should be seized and appropriated to the payment of the national debt, caused by the unjust and wicked war which they instigated.

How can such punishments be inflicted and such forfeitures produced without doing violence to established principles?

Two positions have been suggested.

First—To treat those States as never having been out of the Union because the Constitution forbids secession, and therefore, a fact forbidden by law could not exist.

Second—To accept the position in which they placed themselves as severed from the Union; an independent government *de facto*, and an alien enemy to be dealt with according to the laws of war.

It seems to me that while we do not aver that the United States are bound to treat them as an alien enemy, yet they have a right to elect so to do if it be for the interests of the Nation; and that the "Confederate States" are estopped from denying that position. South Carolina, the leader and embodiment of the rebellion, in the month of January, 1861, passed the following resolution by the unanimous vote of her Legislature:

"*Resolved*, That the separation of South Carolina from the Federal Union *is final*, and she has no further interest in the Constitution of the United States; and that the only appropriate negotiations between her and the Federal Government are as to their mutual relations as *foreign* States."

The convention that formed the government of the Confederate States, and all the eleven States that composed it, adopted the same declaration, and pledged their lives and fortunes to support it. That government raised large armies and by its formidable power compelled the nations of the civilized world as well as our own Government to acknowledge them as an independent belligerent, entitled by the law of nations to be considered as engaged in public war, and not merely in an insurrection. It is idle to deny that we treated them as a belligerent, entitled to all the rights, and subject to all the liabilities of an alien enemy. We blockaded their ports, which is an undoubted belligerent right; the extent of coast blockaded marked the acknowledged extent of their territory—a territory criminally acquired but *de facto* theirs. We acknowledged their sea-rovers as privateers, and not as pirates, by ordering their captive crews to be treated as prisoners of war. We acknowledged that a commission from the Confederate government was sufficient to screen Semmes and his associates from the fate of lawless buccaneers. Who but an acknowledged government *de jure* or *de facto*, could have power to issue such a commission? The invaders of the loyal States were not treated as outlaws, but as soldiers of war, because they were commanded by officers holding commissions from that government. The Confederate States were for four years what they claimed to be, an alien enemy, in their rights and liabilities. To say that they were States under the protection of that constitution which they were rending and within the Union which they were assaulting with bloody defeats, simply because they became belligerents through crime, is making theory overrule fact to an absurd degree. It will, I suppose, at least be conceded that the United States, it not obliged so to do, have a right to treat them as an alien enemy, now conquered, and subject to all the liabilities of a vanquished foe.

If we are also at liberty to treat them as never having been out of the Union, and that their declarations and acts were all void because they contravened the constitution, and therefore they were never engaged in a public war, but were merely insurgents, let us inquire which position is best for the United States. If they have never been otherwise than States in the Union, and we desire to try certain of the leaders for treason, the constitution requires that they should be indicted and tried "by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law."

The crime of treason can be committed only where the person is actually or potentially present. Jefferson Davis, sitting in Richmond, counselling, or advising, or commanding an inroad into Pennsylvania, has committed no overt act in this State, and can be tried, if anywhere, only in the Richmond District. The doctrine of constructive presence, and constructive treason, will never, I hope, pollute our statutes or judicial decisions. Select an impartial jury from Virginia, and it is obvious that no conviction could ever be had. Possibly a jury might be packed to convict, but that would not be an "impartial" jury. It would be judicial murder, and would rank in infamy with the trial of Lord Russell, except only that the one was the murder of an innocent man, the other of a traitor. The same difficulties would exist in attempting forfeitures, which can only follow conviction in States protected by the constitution; and then it is said only for the life of the malefactor. Congress can pass no "bill of attainder."

Nor, under that theory, has Congress, much less the Executive, any power to interfere in remodelling those States upon reconstruction. What reconstruction is needed? Here are States which they say have never been out of the Union, and which are, consequently, now in it without asking leave of any one. They are competent to send Senators and members to Congress. The state of war has broken no constitutional ligaments, for it was only an insurrection of individuals, not a public war waged by States. Such is the reasoning, notwithstanding every State acted in its municipal capacity; and the court in the prize cases (2 Black, 673,) say: "Hence in organizing this rebellion they have acted as States." It is no loose, unorganized rebellion, having no defined boundary or possession. It has a boundary, marked by lines of bayonets, and which can be crossed only by force—south of this line is enemy's territories, because it is claimed and held in possession by an organized, hostile, and belligerent power." What right has any one to direct a convention to be held in a sovereign State of this Union, to amend its constitution and prescribe the qualifications of voters? The sovereign power of the nation is lodged in Congress. Yet where is the warrant in the constitution for such sovereign power, much less in the Executive, to intermeddle with the domestic institutions of a State, mould its laws, and regulate the elective franchise? It would be rank, dangerous, and deplorable usurpation. In reconstruction, therefore, no reform can be effected in the Southern States if they have never left the Union. But reformation must be effected; the foundation of their institutions, both political, municipal, and social, must be broken up and relaid, or all our blood and treasure have been spent in vain. This can only be done by treating and holding them as a conquered people. Then all things which we can desire to do, follow with logical and legitimate authority. As conquered territory, Congress would have full power to legislate for them; for the territories are not under the constitution, except so far as the express power to govern them is given to Congress. They would be held in a territorial condition until they are fit to form State Constitutions, republican in fact, not in form only, and ask admission into the Union as new States. If Congress approve of their constitutions, and think they have done works meet for repentance, they would be admitted as new States. If their constitutions are not approved of, they would be sent back, until they have become wise enough so to purge their old laws as to eradicate every despotic and revolutionary principle—until they shall have learned to venerate the Declaration of Independence. I do not touch on the question of negro suffrage. If in the Union, the States have long ago regulated that, and for the Central Government to interfere with it would be mischievous impertinence. If they are to be admitted as new States they must form their own constitution; and no enabling act could dictate its terms. Congress could prescribe the qualifications of voters while a Territory, or when proceeding to call a convention to form a State government. That is the extent of the power of Congress over the elective franchise, whether in a Territorial or State condition. The President has not even this or any other power to meddle in the subject, except by advice to Congress—and they on Territories. Congress, to be sure, has some sort of compulsory power by refusing the States admission until they shall have complied with its wishes over this subject. Whether those who have fought our battles should all be allowed to vote, or only those of a paler hue, I leave to be discussed in the future when Congress can take legitimate cognizance of it.

If capital punishments of the most guilty are deemed essential as examples, we have seen that, on one theory, none of them can be convicted on fair trials—the complicity of the triers would defeat it. But, as a conquered enemy, they could not escape. Their trials would take place by courts-martial. I do not think they could thus be tried for treason; but they could be tried as belligerents, who had forfeited their lives, according to the laws of war. By the strict rights of war, as anciently practiced, the victor held the lives, the liberty, and the property of the vanquished at his disposal. The taking of the life, or reduction to bondage of the captives, have long ceased to be practised in case of ordinary wars, but the abstract right—the *summum jus*—is still recognized in exceptional cases where the cause of the war, or the character of the belligerent, or the safety of the victors justify its exercise. The same thing may be said of the seizure of property on land. Halleck (457) says some modern writers—Hautefeuille, for example—contend that private property on land may be subject to seizure. They are undoubtedly correct, with regard to the general abstract right, as deduced from the law of nature and ancient practice. Vattel says: "When, therefore, he has subdued a hostile nation, he undeniably may, in the first place, do himself justice respecting the object which has given rise to the war, and indemnify himself for the expenses and damages which he has sustained by it." And at page 369: "A conqueror, who has taken up arms not only against the sovereign but against the nation herself, and whose intention it was to subdue a fierce and savage people, and once for all to reduce an obstinate enemy, such a conqueror may, with justice, lay burdens on the conquered nation, both as a compensation for the expenses of the war, and as a punishment."

I am happy to believe that the Government has come to this conclusion. I cannot otherwise see how Capt. Wirz can be tried by a court-martial at Washington for acts done by him at Andersonville. He was in no way connected with our military organization, nor did he as a citizen connect himself with our army so as to bring his case within any of the acts of Congress. If he committed murder in Georgia, and Georgia was a State in the Union, then he should be tried according to her laws. The General Government has no jurisdiction over such a crime, and the trial and execution of this wretch by a United States military court would be illegal. But if he was an officer of a belligerent enemy, making war as an independent people, now being conquered, it is competent, holding them as a conquered foe, to try him for doing acts contrary to the laws of war, and if found guilty to execute or otherwise punish him. As I am sure the loyal man at the head of the Government will not involve the nation in illegal acts and thus set a precedent injurious to our national character, I am glad to believe that hereafter we shall treat the enemy as conquered, and remit their condition and reconstruction to the sovereign power of the nation.

In short, all writers agree that the victor may inflict punishment upon the vanquished enemy, even to the taking of his life, liberty, or the confiscation of all his property; but that this extreme right is never exercised except upon a cruel, barbarous, obstinate, or dangerous foe who has waged an unjust war.

Upon the character of the belligerent, and the justice of the war, and the manner of conducting it, depends our right to take the lives, liberty, and property of the belligerent. This war had its origin in treason, without one spark of justice. It was prosecuted before notice of it, by robbing our forts and armories, and our navy-yards; by stealing our money from the mints and depositories, and by surrendering our forts and navies by perjurers who had sworn to support the constitution. In its progress our prisoners, by the authority of the Government, were slaughtered in cold blood. Ask Fort Pillow and Fort Wagner. Sixty thousand of our prisoners have been deliberately starved to death because they would not enlist in the rebel armies. The graves at Andersonville have each an accusing tongue. The purpose and avowed object of the enemy "to found an empire whose corner-stone should be slavery," rendered its perpetuity or revival dangerous to human liberty.

Surely, these things are sufficient to justify the exercise of the extreme rights of war—"to execute, to imprison, to confiscate." How many captive enemies it would be proper to execute, as an example to nations, I leave others to judge. I am not fond of sanguinary punishments, but surely some victims must propitiate the manes of our starved, murdered, slaughtered martyrs. A court-martial could do justice according to law.

But we propose to confiscate all the estate of every rebel belligerent whose estate was worth $10,000, or whose land exceeded two hundred acres in quantity. Policy if not justice would require that the poor, the ignorant, and the coerced should be forgiven. They followed the example and teachings of their wealthy and intelligent neighbors. The rebellion would never have originated with them. Fortunately those who would thus escape, form a large majority of the people, though possessing but a small portion of the wealth. The proportion of those exempt compared with the punished would be I believe about nine-tenths.

There are about six millions of freedmen in the South. The number of acres of land is 465,000,000. Of this, those who own above two hundred acres each number about 70,000 persons, holding in the aggregate (together with the States), about 394,000,000 acres, leaving for all the others below 200 each about 71,000,000 of acres. By thus forfeiting the estates of the leading rebels, the government would have 394,000,000 of acres, beside their town property, and yet nine-tenths of the people would remain untouched. Divide this land into convenient farms. Give, if you please, forty acres to each adult male freedman. Suppose there are one million of them. That would require 40,000,000 of acres, which deducted from 394,000,000, leaves 354,000,000 of acres for sale. Divide it into suitable farms, and sell it to the highest bidders. I think it, including town property, would average at least $10 per acre. That would produce $3,540,000,000—three billions five hundred and forty millions of dollars.

Let that be applied as follows to wit:

1. Invest $300,000,000 in six per cent. Government bonds, and add the interest semi-annually to the pensions of those who have become entitled by this villanous war.

2. Appropriate $200,000,000 to pay the damages done to loyal men, North and South, by the rebellion.

3. Pay the residue, being $3,040,000,000 towards the payment of the National debt.

What loyal man can object to this? Look around you, and everywhere behold your neighbors, some with an arm, some with a leg, some with an eye, carried away by rebel bullets. Others horribly mutilated in every form. And yet numerous others wearing the weeds which mark the death of those on whom they leaned for support. Contemplate these monuments of rebel perfidy and of patriotic suffering, and then say if too much is asked for our valiant soldiers.

Look again, and see loyal men reduced to poverty by the confiscations by the Confederate States, and by the rebel States—see Union men robbed of their property, and their dwellings laid in ashes by the rebel raiders, and say if too much is asked for them. But, above all, let us inquire whether imperative duty to the present generation and to posterity, does not command us to compel the wicked enemy to pay the expenses of this unjust war. In ordinary transactions, he who raises a false clamor, and prosecutes an unfounded suit, is adjuged to pay the costs on his defeat. We have seen that, by the law of nations, the vanquished in an unjust war must pay the expense.

Our war debt is estimated at from three to four billions of dollars. In my judgment, when all is funded, and the pensions capitalized, it will reach more than four billions.

The interest at 6 per cent., only (now much more)	$240,000,000
The ordinary expenses of our Government are	120,000,000
For some years the extraordinary expenses of our army and navy will be	110,000,000
Total	$470,000,000

Four hundred and seventy millions to be raised by taxation—our present heavy taxes will not, in ordinary years, produce but little more than half that sum. Can our people bear double their present taxation? He who unnecessarily causes it will be accursed from generation to generation. It is fashionable to belittle our public debt, lest the people should become alarmed, and political parties should suffer. I have never found it wise to deceive the people. They can always be trusted with the truth. Capitalists will not be affected, for they cannot be deceived. Confide in the people, and you will avoid repudiation. Deceive them, and lead them into false measures, and you may produce it.

We pity the poor Englishman whose national debt and burdensome taxation we have heard deplored from our childhood. The debt of Great Britain is just about as much as ours ($4,000,000,000), four billions. But in effect it is but half as large—it bears but three per cent. interest. The current year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us, the interest was $131,806,990. Ours, when all shall be funded, will be nearly double.

The plan we have proposed would pay at least three-fourths of our debt. The balance could be managed with our present taxation. And yet to think that even that is to be perpetual is sickening. If it is to be doubled, as it must be; if "restoration" instead of reconstruction" is to prevail, would to God the authors of it could see themselves as an execrating public and posterity will see them.

Our new doctors of national law, who hold that the "Confederate States" were never out of the Union, but only insurgents and traitors, have became wiser than Grotius, and Puffendorf, and Rutherford, and Vattel, and all modern publicists down to Hallock and Phillimore. They all agree that such a state of things as has existed here for four years is public war, and constitutes the parties independent belligerents, subject to the same rules of war as foreign nations engaged in open warfare.

The learned and able professor at law in the Cambridge University, Theophilus Parsons, lately said in a public speech:

"As we are victorious in war we have a right to impose upon the defeated party any terms necessary for our security. This right is perfect. It is not only in itself obvious, but it is asserted in every book on this subject, and is illustrated by all the wars of history. The rebels forced a war upon us; it was a long, and costly, and bloody war; and now that we have conquered them, we have all the rights which victory confers."

The only argument of the Restorationist is, that the States could not and did not go out of the Union, because the constitution forbids it. By the same reasoning you could prove that no crime ever existed. No man ever committed murder, for the law forbids it! He is a shallow reasoner who could make theory overrule fact!

I prefer to believe the ancient and modern publicists, and the learned professors of legal science, to the extemporized doctrines of modern sciolists.

If "Restoration," as it is now properly christened, is to prevail over "Reconstruction," will some learned pundit of that school inform me in what condition slavery and the slave laws are? I assert that upon that theory not a slave has been liberated, not a slave law has been abrogated, but on the "Restoration" the whole slave code is in legal force. Slavery was protected by our constitution in every State in the Union where it existed. While they remained under that protection no power in the Federal Government could abolish slavery. If, however, the Confederate States were admitted to be what they claimed, an independent belligerent *de facto*, then the war broke all treaties, compacts, and ties between the parties, and slavery was left to its rights under the law of nations. These rights were none; for the law declares that "Man can hold no property in man." (Phillimore Int. Law). Then the laws of war enabled us to declare every man free, so long as we held them in military possession. And the conqueror, through Congress, could declare them forever emancipated. But if they are "States in the Union," then when war ceased, they resume their positions with all their privileges untouched.

While I hear it said everywhere that Slavery is dead, I cannot learn who killed it. No thoughtful man has pretended that Lincoln's proclamation, so noble in sentiment, liberated a single slave. It expressly excluded from its operation all those within our lines. No slave within any part of the Rebel States in our possession, or in Tennessee, but only those beyond our limits and beyond our power were declared free. So Gen. Smith conquered Canada by a proclamation! The President did not pretend to abrogate the slave laws of any of the States. "Restoration," therefore, will leave the "Union as it was"—a hideous idea. I am aware that a very able and patriotic gentleman, and learned historian, Mr. Bancroft, has attempted to place their freedom on different grounds. He says, what is undoubtedly true, that the proclamation of freedom did not free a slave. But he liberates them on feudal principles. Under the feudal system, when a king conquered his enemy, he parcelled out his lands and conquered *subjects* among his chief retainers; the lands and serfs were held on condition of fealty and rendering military service when required. If the subordinate chief rebelled, he broke the condition on which he held them, and the lands and serfs became forfeited to the lord paramount. But it did not free the serfs. They, with the manors, were bestowed on other favorities. But the analogy fails in another important respect. The American slaveholder does not hold, by virtue of any grant from any lord paramount—least of all by a grant from the General Government. Slavery exists by no law of the Union, but simply by local laws, by the laws of the States. Rebellion against the national authority is a breach of no condition of their tenure. It were more analagous to say that rebellion against a State under whose laws they held, might work a forfeiture. But rebellion against neither government would *per se* have any such effect. On whom would the lord paramount again bestow the slaves? The theory is plausible, but has no solid foundation.

The President says to the rebel States, "Before you can participate in the Government you must abolish Slavery and reform your election laws." *That* is the command of a conqueror. *That* is Reconstruction, not Restoration—Reconstruction, too, by assuming the powers of Congress. This theory will lead to melancholy results. Nor can the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery ever be ratified by three-fourths of the States, if *they* are States to be counted. Bogus conventions of those States may vote for it; but no convention honestly and fairly elected will ever do it. The frauds will not permanently avail. The cause of Liberty must rest on a firmer basis. Counterfeit governments, like the Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas pretences, will be disregarded by the sober sense of the people, by future law, and by the Courts. "Restoration" is replanting the seeds of Rebellion, which within the next quarter of a century will germinate and produce the same bloody strife which has just ended.

But, it is said, by those who have more sympathy with rebel wives and children than for the widows and orphans of loyal men, that this stripping the rebels of their estates and driving them to exile or to honest labor, would be harsh and severe upon the innocent women and children. It may be so; but that is the result of the necessary laws of war. But it is revolutionary, say they. This plan would, no doubt, work a radical reorganization in Southern institutions, habits, and manners. It is intended to revolutionize their principles and feelings. This may startle feeble minds and shake weak nerves. So do all great improvements in the political and moral world. It requires a heavy impetus to drive forward a sluggish people. When it was first proposed to free the slaves and arm the blacks, did not the nation tremble? The prim conservatives, the snobs, and the male waiting-maids in Congress, were in hysterics.

The whole fabric of Southern society must be changed, and never can it be done if this opportunity is lost. Without this, this Government can never be, as it never has been, a true republic. Heretofore, it had more the features of aristocracy than of democracy. The Southern States have been despotisms, not governments of the people. It is impossible that any practical equality of rights can exist where a few thousand men monopolize the whole landed property. The larger the number of small proprietors the more safe and stable the government. As the landed interest must govern, the more it is subdivided and held by independent owners, the better. What would be the condition of the State of New York if it were not for her independent yeomanry? She would be overwhelmed and demoralized by the Jews, Milesians, and vagabonds of licentious cities. How can republican institutions, free schools, free churches, free social intercourse, exist in a mingled community of nabobs and serfs; of the owners of twenty thousand acre manors with lordly palaces, and the occupants of narrow huts inhabited by "low white trash?" If the South is ever to be made a safe republic, let her lands be cultivated by the toil of the owners, or the free labor of intelligent citizens. This must be done even though it drive her nobility into exile. If they go, all the better. It will be hard to persuade the owner of ten thousand acres of land, who drives a coach and four, that he is not degraded by sitting at the same table, or in the same pew, with the embrowned and hard-handed farmer who has himself cultivated his own thriving homestead of one hundred and fifty acres. This subdivision of the lands will yield ten bales of cotton to one that is made now, and he who produced it will own it and *feel himself* a man.

It is far easier and more beneficial to exile 70,000 proud, bloated, and defiant rebels, than to expatriate four millions of laborers, native to the soil and loyal to the Government. This latter scheme was a favorite plan of the Blairs, with which they had for a while inoculated our late sainted President. But a single experiment made him discard it and its advisers. Since I have mentioned the Blairs, I may say a word more of these persistent apologists of the South. For, when the virus of slavery has once entered the veins of the slaveholder, no subsequent effort seems capable of wholly eradicating it. They are a family of considerable power, some merit, of admirable audacity, and execrable selfishness. With impetuous alacrity they seize the White House, and hold possession of it, as in the late administration, until shaken off by the overpowering force of public indignation. Their pernicious counsel had well nigh defeated the re-election of Abraham Lincoln; and if it should prevail with the present administration, pure and patriotic as President Johnson is admitted to be, it will render him the most unpopular Executive—save one—that ever occupied the Presidential chair. But there is no fear of that. He will soon say, as Mr. Lincoln did: "YOUR TIME HAS COME!"

This remodelling the institutions, and reforming the rooted habits of a proud aristocracy, is undoubtedly a formidable task, requiring the broad mind of enlarged statemanship, and the firm nerve of the hero. But will not this mighty occasion produce—will not the God of liberty and order give us—such men? Will not a Romulus, a Lycurgus, a Charlemagne, a Washington arise, whose expansive views will found a free empire, to endure till time shall be no more?

This doctrine of Restoration shocks me. We have a duty to perform which our fathers were incapable of, which will be required at our hands by God and our country. When our ancestors found a "more perfect Union" necessary, they found it impossible to agree upon a constitution without tolerating, nay, guaranteeing, slavery. They were obliged to acquiesce, trusting to time to work a speedy cure, in which they were disappointed. They had some excuse, some justification. But we can have none if we do not thoroughly eradicate slavery and render it forever impossible in this republic. The slave power made war upon the nation. They declared the "more perfect Union" dissolved—solemnly declared themselves a foreign nation, alien to this Republic; for four years were in fact what they claimed to be. We accepted the war which they tendered and treated them as a government capable of making war. We have conquered them, and as a conquered enemy we can give them laws; can abolish all their municipal institutions and form new ones. If we do not make those institutions fit to last through generations of free men, a heavy curse will be ours. Our glorious but tainted Republic has been born into new life through bloody, agonizing pains. But frightful "Restoration" has thrown it into "cold obstruction, and to death." If the rebel States have never been out of the Union, any attempt to touch their State institutions, either by Congress or by the President, is rank usurpation.

Is then all lost?

Is this great conquest to be in vain? That will depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the next Congress. To Congress alone belongs the power of Reconstruction—of giving law to the vanquished. This is expressly decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dorr case (7th Howard, 42.) The Court says: "Under this article of the Constitution (the 4th) it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State, for the United States guarantees to each a republican form of government," &c. But we know how difficult it is for a majority of Congress to overcome preconceived opinions. Besides, before Congress meets, things will be so inaugurated—precipitated—it will still be more difficult to correct. If a majority of Congress can be found wise and firm enough to declare the Confederate States a conquered enemy, Reconstruction will be easy and legitimate; and the friends of freedom will long rule in the Councils of the nation. If Restoration prevails, the prospect is gloomy, and "new lords will make new laws." The Union party will be overwhelmed. The Copperhead party has become extinct with secession; but with secession it will revive. Under "Restoration" every rebel State will send rebels to Congress, and they, with their allies in the North, will control Congress, and will occupy the White House. Then restoration of laws and ancient constitutions will be sure to follow, our public debt will be repudiated, or the rebel national debt will be added to ours, and the people be crushed beneath their burdens.

Let us forget all parties, and build on the broad platform of "reconstructing" the Government out of the conquered territory converted into new and free States, and admitted into the Union by the sovereign power of Congress, with another plank—"THE PROPERTY OF THE REBELS SHALL PAY OUR NATIONAL DEBT, *and indemnify freedmen and loyal sufferers*—and that under no circumstances will we suffer The National Debt to be repudiated, or the interest scaled below the contract rates; nor permit any part of the rebel debt to be assumed by the nation."

Let all who approve of these principles rally with us. Let all others go with Copperheads and rebels. Those will be the opposing parties. Young men, this duty devolves on you. Would to God, if only for that, that I were still in the prime of life, that I might aid you to fight through this last, greatest battle of freedom!

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

At the Republican State Convention in Worcester, September 14, 1865.

THE NATIONAL SECURITY AND THE NATIONAL FAITH.—GUARANTEES NEEDED FOR THE NATIONAL FREEDMAN AND THE NATIONAL CREDITOR.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Called to preside over this annual Convention, where are brought together the intelligence, the heart, and the conscience of Massachusetts, God bless her! I begin by asking you to accept my thanks. Gladly would I leave this post of honor to another; but I obey your will. In what I have to say I shall speak frankly. What has with me become a habit is at this moment more than ever a duty. Who can see peril to his country, and not cry out? Who can see that good ship which carries the Republic and its fortunes driving directly upon a lee-shore, and not shout to the pilot, "Mind your helm?" Apologies or roundabout phrases are out of place when danger threatens.

EMANCIPATION NOT COMPLETE, SO LONG AS THE BLACK CODE EXISTS.

When last I addressed my fellow-citizens on public affairs, at the close of the late Presidential election, as we were about to vote for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, I undertook to show the absolute identity between Slavery and the Rebellion, so that one could not end without the other. As I finished that address, I said to friends near me, that it was "my last Anti-Slavery speech." I so thought at the time; for I anticipated the speedy downfall of the Rebellion, carrying with it Slavery. I was mistaken. Neither the Rebellion nor Slavery is yet ended. The Rebellion has been disarmed; but that is all. As there is still a *quasi* Rebellion, so is there still a *quasi* Slavery. The work of liberation is not yet completed. Nor can it be completed until the Equal Rights of every person, once claimed as a slave, are placed under the safeguard of irreversible guarantees. It is not enough to strike down the master; you must also lift up the slave. It is not enough to declare that slavery is abolished; the whole Black Code, which is the supplement of Slavery, must give place to that Equality before the law, which is the very essence of Liberty.

Slavery begins by denying the right of a man to himself; and the Black Code fortifies this denial by its cruel exclusions. Every freedman must be secured in this right by his admission to the full panoply of citizenship. Slavery sets at naught the relation of husband and wife. Every freedman must be able to call his wife his own. Slavery sets at naught the parental relations. Every freedman must be able to call his child his own. Slavery shuts the gates of knowledge. Every freedman must be assured all the privileges of education. Slavery takes from its victim the hard-earned fruits of his toil. Every freedman must be protected in his industry. Slavery denies justice to the colored man by cruelly rejecting his testimony. Every freedman must enter the courts freely, as witness or as party. Until all this is done, in every particular, and beyond possibility of question, it is vain to say that Emancipation has been secured. *The good work is only half done.* It must be continued to its assured consummation. That same national authority which began it must take care that the good work is maintained and completed, in letter and in spirit, everywhere throughout the rebel States, in conventions of the people,—in legislative assemblies, in courts,—in the city,—in the country,—in streets,—on highways,—on plantations,—in houses,—so that no man shall be despoiled of any of his rights, but all shall be Equal before the law.

NATIONAL SECURITY.

Fellow-citizens, as peace seems about to smile on our country, convulsed by most bloody and costly war, there is one simple duty on which all can unite when it is understood. It is the duty expressed in at least one part of the familiar saying, "Indemnity for the past and *security for the future.*" Indemnity, alas! we can never have. Who can repay the millions of lost treasure? Who can recall the dead? Who can repair the shattered and mutilated forms that have returned from the battle with slavery? Indemnity we renounce. There are no scales on earth in which it can be weighed. There are no possible accumulations of wealth which would not be exhausted before its first instalment was paid. But no such difficulty can occur in adjusting our security for the future. And the very vastness of our sacrifice is an irresistible reason why this should be fixed beyond question, so that no such terrible judgment shall visit us again. Indemnity we renounce; *but security we will have.* This is the one thing needed. This is the charity which embraces all other charities. This is the pivot of the future. This is at once the corner-stone and the key-stone of a reconstructed Union, without which the whole fabric must tumble into ruin.

NATIONAL FAITH.

There is another object, kindred to security, or, perhaps, embraced in security; and that is the *national faith.* This too must be placed beyond cavil or even "suspicion." No nation can be powerful to disregard this sacred bond. Character, fame, and prosperity itself are all dependent upon its observance. But the national faith is solemnly engaged, first, to the national freedmen, and secondly, to the national creditors. No undertaking can be more complete and inviolable because it constituted the consideration for those services and supplies by which the life of the Republic has been preserved. The national faith is pledged to the national freedmen, not only by the act of Emancipation, which, in its very essence and from the very nature of the case, is a "warranty of title," but also by the plain and positive promises of the Proclamation, that the "Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and *maintain the freedom of such persons.*" Words could not be more binding, and the history of their introduction testifies to their significance and efficacy. They were not in the original draft by President Lincoln, but were inserted, at the suggestion of Mr. Seward, when the Proclamation was read to the Cabinet; and there they stand without any limitation of place or time, binding this Republic in its national character, through its Executive, including the military and naval authority, not only to recognize, but to *maintain the freedom* of the emancipated slave; and this is to be done, not in any special locality, but everywhere, and not for a day or a year, but for all time. Our obligation to the national creditors is of the same validity, approved by successive acts of Congress, ratified by the popular will, and fixed beyond recall by the actual enjoyment of these precious fruits for which the debt was incurred. Repudiation of our bonds, whether to the national creditors or to the national freedmen, would be a shame and a crime; and the national faith is irrevocably plighted to the two alike. Here is the Proclamation, and here is the Treasury Note. Look at the signatures and look at the terms. The former is signed by the President himself, Abraham Lincoln; the latter is signed by an unknown clerk, whose name I cannot decipher. The former is stronger, and more positive in its terms, than the latter. The Treasury Note simply says that it is "redeemable" after a certain date, and that "this debt is authorized by Act of Congress." The binding terms of the Proclamation, which I have already read, are solemnly enforced by that memorable invocation at the close: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Thus religion comes to confirm the pledge with sanctions of its own. That pledge is as enduring as the republic itself.

Such are the supreme objects now at heart—the *National Security and the National Faith,* or the two absorbed into one, *Security for the Future.*

OUR DIKES ARE GUARANTEES.

The security we seek must be found in *organic law with irreversible guarantees; and these irreversible guarantees must be coextensive with the danger.*

ELEMENTS OF DANGER.

It becomes us, then, to consider carefully the elements of danger, bearing in mind always that a danger clearly foreseen will not happen, unless prudence has ceased to prevail.

CONDITION OF REBEL STATES.

If we look at the rebel States, generally, there is little to inspire trust.

Grounding their arms, they now resort to other means. Cunning takes the place of war. As they precipitated themselves out of the Union, they now seek to precipitate themselves back. A "wooden horse" is constructed, which is stuffed with hidden foes, and thus they seek to enter our Troy. Already the rattle of arms is heard, and ominous voices, as the treacherous engine is advanced. The convention in Mississippi tells the story. Who does not know that the South is full of spirits, who have sworn undying hatred not only to the Union, but to reason itself, and whose policy is a perpetual conspiracy against the principles of our Government? Painful proofs come to demonstrate the prevailing madness. The freedmen are trodden down and the land is filled with tragedies. History stands aghast at the massacre of Glencoe in a retired Scotch valley, and our sympathies overflow at the murder of a solitary traveller by the merciless Indians; but these scenes are now repeated. The Barbarism of Slavery rages still. The lash and the bloodhound are at large. Life is nothing, if it beats under a colored skin. And these rebels, besmeared with blood, and boiling with concentrated passion, now strive to envelope themselves in the immunities of State Independence, with two special objects in view: first, that they may deal with the freedmen as they please, without any check from the national authority; and, secondly, that they may send a solid representation of more than eighty votes, pledged to Southern pretensions, which, in combination with treacherous votes from the North, may re-assert that ancient monopoly and masterdom under which the country suffered so long. One of their speakers in Mississippi, at the recent convention, said openly, that "he was opposed to fighting the General Government or anybody else; *that he was ready to submit to its wishes as he would to a highway robber, whose power he was not able to resist.*" Another speaker, less frank, thought it policy to accept the present condition of affairs, until the control of the State is restored into the hands of its people, and "to submit *for a time* to evils which cannot be remedied." And still another, much more wily, when urging a seeming acceptance of the Union, thus lured his brother conspirators: "*If we act wisely we shall be joined by what is called the Copperhead party,* and even by many of the Black Republicans." Such is the plot, and such is the disastrous alliance plainly foreshadowed. But, thank God! in encouraging his comrades the conspirator has warned us. Forewarned is forearmed.

IRREVERSIBLE GUARANTEES.

Again, I say, forewarned is forearmed. Surely there can be no limits to our resistance when such spirits are seeking to capture the National Government; but beyond that general resistance, which must make us postpone the day of surrender, and invoke the protection of Congress, we must insist upon *special guarantees* in the organic law.

I.—The Unity of the Republic.

(1.) As the rebellion began with the pretension that a State might withdraw from the Union, it is plain that the *unity of the Republic* must be affirmed—not indirectly but directly; not as in Mississippi, by simply declaring the late act of secession null and void; but, as in Missouri, where the relations of the State to the Union are thus frankly stated: "That this State shall ever remain a member of the American Union; *that the people therefore are a part of the American nation;* that every citizen owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the United States; and that no law or ordinance of this State in contravention or subversion thereof, can have any binding force." In contrast with this plain renunciation, the proceedings of Mississippi have no more certainty than the common saying, "Large as a piece of chalk." As security for the future, they are nothing—absolutely nothing. And, permit me to say, that the whole Convention, so far as we have been informed, was little better than a rebel conspiracy to obtain political power.

II.—Enfranchisement.

(2.) As the rebellion was waged in denial of the *Equal Rights* of the colored race, it is essential not only that Slavery should be renounced, but also that all men should be hailed as equal before the law, and this enfranchisement must be both civil and political. Unless this is done, the condition of the freedman will be most undesirable. Exposed to all manner of brutality, he will not be heard as a witness against his oppressor. Compelled to pay taxes, he will be excluded from all representation in the Government. Without this security, Emancipation is illusory. It is a jack-a-lantern, which the poor slave will pursue in vain. Even if Slavery cease to exist, it will give place to another condition hardly less galling. According to the poet, there are different "circles" in hell, each with its own terrible torments, and the unhappy African will only escape from one of these into another. And all this will be beyond correction or remedy, if not at the outset guarded against by organic law.

III.—The National Debt.

(3.) As the *national debt* was incurred for the suppression of the rebellion, this too must be fixed beyond repeal. Unless this is done, it is evident, from reason as well as from testimony, that the representatives of the rebel States will coalesce with others for its repudiation. Mississippi, which leads in the present effort to capture the national capital, is the original author of repudiation.

IV.—National Peace and Tranquillity, through Impartial Suffrage.

(5.) As the *national peace and tranquillity* depend essentially upon the overthrow of monopoly and tyranny, here is another occasion for a special guarantee against the whole pretension of color. No rebel State can be re-admitted with this controversy still raging, and ready to break forth.

It is only *impartial suffrage* that I claim, without distinction of color, so that there shall be one equal rule for all men. And this too must be placed under the safeguard of constitutional law.

VI.—Education of the People.

(6.) As the *education of the people* is essential to the national welfare, and especially to the development of those principles of justice and morality which constitute the only sure foundation of a "republican government," and as, according to the census, an immense proportion of the people of the rebel States, without distinction of color, cannot read and write, it is obvious that public schools must be established for the equal good of all.

NECESSITY OF THESE GUARANTEES.

Such are the six subjects of special guarantee: the unity of the Republic; the national obligations to the national freedmen; the national obligations to the national creditors; the rejection of the rebel debt; the establishment of national peace and tranquility, so that it cannot be disturbed by any monopoly and tyranny founded on color; and lastly, the education of the people. All these are too important, too transcendent, to be left to any vague promise or inference of any kind.

POWER TO ESTABLISH GUARANTEES.

Therefore, I lay down one undeniable, essential principle—that these guarantees must be established; and I appeal to my fellow-citizens throughout the country to insist upon them. As they concern the National Security and the National Faith, it is clear that they should be established by the nation. The object is national. The power to establish them is national also. It is a part of that great, inst

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEDICATION.

FROM THEODORE MARTIN'S NEW TRANSLATION OF FAUST.

Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
Ye bless'd their eyes, which now so lonely grieve!
Still, still, to hold ye fast shall I essay,
Still let my heart to that delusion cleave?
Ye throng me round! Well! lord it how ye may,
As from the mists ye rise, that round me weave!
Ye waft a magic air, that shakes my breast
With youth's tumultuous, yet divine unrest.

Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
And many a dear, dear shade ascends to view;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
Come love, first love, and friendship back with you;
The heart runs back o'er life's bewildered maze,
And pangs long laid to sleep awake anew,
And name the loved ones lost,—before their day
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful away.

Alas, alas! These strains they cannot hear,
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Gone are they all, that band of friends so dear,
The echoes hush'd, that once responsive rang;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang,
And all who in my lays took pride of yore,
Are lost in other lands, or else no more.

And yearnings fill my soul, unwonted long,
To yonder still, sad, spirit-world to go;
Now, like Æolian harp, my faltering song
Rises and falls in fitful cadence low;
A shudder thrills me, as old memories throng,
The strong heart melts, tears fast on tear-drops flow;
What I possess seems far, far-off to be,
And what hath pass'd away becomes reality.

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN.

From Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections of Seventy Years."

MRS. SOMERVILLE.

When travelling in Europe, it is a great advantage to belong to some profession, or to be devoted to some special object, as that introduces you to some persons of similar pursuits, who feel a pleasure in forwarding your views, and pay you attentions accordingly.

I never was aware of this until I travelled with my husband, who was an astronomer and mathematician, and so well known as such, in England, that the Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge wrote to him, "Come to Cambridge; you need bring no letters of introduction; we all know you, and we want to see you."

When Mr. Farrar visited the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, I was allowed to accompany him, and the gentleman who received us told me that I was enjoying a privilege which no duchess in the land could command. So much for being the wife of an astronomer.

No spot in England was visited by the Harvard Professor with so much interest as that plain one-story building, on a small but abrupt hill, in Greenwich Park. We went all over it just before noon, and wished to see the observer take the sun's meridian, but that was not allowed, for it was a matter of such nice observation, that the mere breathing of another person in the room might spoil its accuracy. This fact interested him. He looked with reverence on a spot which had been the fountain of such rich streams of science, and was so intimately connected with the history of astronomy.

As soon as that distinguished astronomer, Mrs. Somerville, heard that Mr. Farrar was in London, she sent him a message by Lucy Aikin, to ask him to come and see her, and to say she would be at home every morning during the next week, till he came, that she might be sure to see him. She sent me word that she never made any calls, or she would come to see me, but she hoped I would accompany my husband.

We of course obeyed this gratifying summons, and went down to Chelsea early in the week. Dr. Somerville was governor of the hospital there for invalid soldiers, and lived in the building, where he had a handsome suite of apartments. He met us in the hall, and ushered us into a large room, which seemed to be a library and drawing-room all in one. There sat the pretty, refined, and elegant woman, who had astonished the scientific world by her translation and thorough comprehension of La Place's grand work on the mechanism of the heavens. She received us most cordially, and after a few minutes of general conversation, Dr. Somerville invited me to the other end of the room to look at a cabinet of minerals, collected by his wife. While showing them he was continually looking over his shoulder at Mrs. Somerville and Mr. Farrar. At last he exclaimed "Ah! they have got at it now; I thought they would, if we left them alone." Sure enough, they were talking away on the higher branches of mathematics and astronomy.

Several oil paintings, of Swiss scenery, attracted my observation, and Dr. Somerville told me they were done by his wife, from sketches made from nature, and that her favorite recreation was a tour in Switzerland. He showed me also a collection of botanical specimens gathered there. So I discovered that this great mathematician was also a botanist, mineralogist, and artist.

The two astronomers so enjoyed talking together, that I was obliged, at last, to interrupt them and remind my husband that it was time to go. Mrs. Somerville would not let us depart without naming a day when we would dine with her, and meet the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Bailey. That done, we drove back to town, delighted with our visit. Mr. Farrar was full of admiration for the extraordinary attainments of Mrs. Somerville, and not less charmed by her feminine graces and modest, unpretending manners.

Our dinner visit proved equally agreeable. We then saw her two grown-up daughters, and met the Astronomer Royal. The conversation was on common topics; the dinner was simple—not many dishes, but everything of the best; and I observed that the footman took his orders about the dinner from his master. As the Doctor was obliged to cater for the hospital, I suppose he took the care of providing for his own table. Mrs. Somerville's exquisite toilette and the dressing of her beautiful brown hair, showed that the most abstruse studies had detracted nothing from a proper womanly attention to appearance.

When the ladies retired from the dinner table, we all looked over a box of birds just arrived from South America, and admired their brilliant plumage. They were prepared for stuffing, with the flesh and bones taken out, and the box contained a great number of them. Leaving the young ladies to talk ornithology over them, I asked Mrs. Somerville to tell me what first turned her attention to mathematics, and she very readily gave me the following particulars.

Her father, Admiral Fairfax, was constantly at sea, in the service of his country, and her mother lived in a very retired spot in Scotland, during his absence. The only village near them was within distance, and the family often went there to make small purchases, and visit the rooms of the dressmaker and milliner, who took a magazine which contained the fashions. Looking over it one day, Mrs. Somerville saw some questions given which were to be answered by algebra. She did not know what algebra was, but she thought she could answer them by an arithmetical calculation. This she did very easily, and in the next number of the magazine she saw that she was right. Her curiosity, however, was excited as to what algebra was, and she made inquiries of Dr. Somerville, the father of her present husband. He referred her to the article on algebra in the Encyclopædia, which he possessed, and she carried the heavy volume home. She soon understood the subject, and was delighted with that method of doing sums. Her father was with them in Edinburgh the following winter, and there she found the aid she needed, and pursued her studies into the higher branches of mathematics, and became so fond of the science, that it has since been her most delightful occupation.

When we ordered our carriage to return to town Dr. Somerville asked if we could give Mr. Bailey a seat in it, which we were happy to do. The two astronomers talked incessantly all the way to London, and I listened in silent amazement at not being able to understand anything they said. They seemed to me to be talking in hints and half-broken phrases; they were so familiar with their subject that a word or two was sufficient to convey their ideas; but to me they were unintelligible. The effect was very curious of hearing people converse in English, without being able to comprehend what they said.

I was told by a common friend that Mrs. Somerville was a good Greek and Latin scholar, and that she spoke French and Italian well; but she told me herself that she never could learn German, and she had tried hard; for it was the favorite language of her daughters, who always spoke it to each other.

I saw Mrs. Somerville but once more, and then she did me the favor of calling on me in London, and spending an hour. She was then full of feeling for a friend in affliction, and talked chiefly of her. Mrs. Somerville was married twice, and this gave rise to the mistake which made La Place say, that he was astonished to hear that there were two Englishwomen who could understand his *Mécanique Celeste*. After her second marriage she was in Paris, and La Place called to see her. He found a lady in her saloon, with whom he talked for some time of the opera and the *on dits* of the day. After a while, he said he had called to see Madame Somerville, and hoped she was at home, when to his surprise he found that the pretty woman he was talking to was the lady herself.

MISS DELIA BACON.

The first lady whom I ever heard deliver a public lecture was Miss Delia Bacon, who opened her career in Boston, as teacher of history, by giving a preliminary discourse, describing her method, and urging upon her hearers the importance of the study.

I had called on her that day for the first time, and found her very nervous and anxious about her first appearance in public. She interested me at once, and I resolved to hear her speak. Her person was tall and commanding, her finely shaped head was well set on her shoulders, her face was handsome and full of expression, and she moved with grace and dignity. The hall in which she spoke was so crowded that I could not get a seat, but she spoke so well that I felt no fatigue from standing. She was at first a little embarrassed, but soon became so engaged in recommending the study of history to all present, that she ceased to think of herself, and then she became eloquent.

Her course of oral lessons, or lectures, on history interested her class of ladies so much that she was induced to repeat them, and I heard several who attended them speak in the highest terms of them. She not only spoke, but read well, and when on the subject of Roman history, she delighted her audience by giving them with great effect some of Macaulay's Lays.

I persuaded her to give her lessons in Cambridge, and she had a very appreciative class assembled in the large parlor of the Brattle House. She spoke without notes, entirely from her well-stored memory; and she would so group her facts as to present to us historical pictures calculated to make a lasting impression. She was so much admired and liked in Cambridge, that a lady there invited her to spend the winter with her as her guest, and I gave her the use of my parlor for another course of lectures. In these she brought down her history to the time of the birth of Christ, and I can never forget how clear she made it to us that the world was only then made fit for the advent of Jesus. She ended with a fine climax that was quite thrilling.

In her Cambridge course she had maps, charts, models, pictures, and everything she needed to illustrate her subject. This added much to her pleasure and ours. All who saw her then must remember how handsome she was, and how gracefully she used her wand in pointing to the illustrations of her subject. I used to be reminded by her of Raphael's sibyls, and she often spoke like an oracle.

She and a few of her class would often stay after the lesson and take tea with me, and then she would talk delightfully for the rest of the evening. It was very inconsiderate in us to allow her to do so, and when her course ended she was half dead with fatigue. She expressed a great desire to go to England, and I told her she could go and pay all her expenses by her historical lessons. Belonging to a religious sect in which her family held distinguished place, she would be well received by the same denomination in England, and have the best of assistance in obtaining classes. After talking this over for some time, I perceived that I was talking in vain. She had no notion of going to England to teach history; all she wanted to go for was to obtain proof of the truth of her theory, that Shakespeare did not write the plays attributed to him, but that Lord Bacon did. This was sufficient to prevent me from ever again encouraging her going to England, or talking with her about Shakespeare. The lady whom she was visiting put her copy of his works out of sight, and never allowed her to converse with her on this, her favorite subject. We considered it dangerous for Miss Bacon to dwell on this fancy, and thought that, if indulged, it might become a monomania, which it subsequently did.

She went from Cambridge to Northampton, and spent the summer on Round Hill, as a boarder at the hydropathic establishment. Separated from all who knew her, she gave herself up to her favorite theme. She believed that the plays called Shakespeare's contained a double meaning, and that a whole system of philosophy was hidden in them, which the world at that time was not prepared to receive, and therefore Lord Bacon had left it to posterity thus disguised. At Round Hill she spent whole days and weeks in her chamber, took no exercise, and ate scarcely any food, till she became seriously ill. After much suffering she recovered and went to New York. To pay her expenses she was obliged to give a course of lessons on history; but her heart was not in them—she was meditating a flight to England. Her old friends and her relations would not, of course, furnish her with the means of doing what they highly disapproved; but some new acquaintances in New York believed in her theory, and were but too happy to aid her in making known her grand discovery. A handsome wardrobe and ample means were freely bestowed upon her, and kind friends attended her to the vessel which was to carry her to England on her Quixotic expedition. Her mind was so devoted to the genius of Lord Bacon that her first pilgrimage was to St. Albans, where he had lived when in retirement, and where she supposed that he had written all those plays attributed to Shakespeare. She lived there a year, and then came to London, all alone and unknown, to seek a home there. She thus describes her search after lodgings: "On a dark December day, about one o'clock, I came into this metropolis, intending, with the aid of Providence, to select, between that and nightfall, a residence in it. I had copied from the *Times* several advertisements of lodging-houses, but none of them suited me. The cab-driver, perceiving what I was in search of, began to make suggestions of his own, and finding that he was a man equal to the emergency, and knowing that his acquaintance with the subject was larger than mine, I put the business into his hands. I told him to stop at the first good house which he thought would suit me, and he brought me to this door, where I have been ever since. Any one who thinks this is not equal to Elijah and his raven, and Daniel in the lions' den, does not know what it is for a lady, and a stranger, to live for a year in London, without any money to speak of, maintaining all the time the position of a lady, and a distinguished lady too: and above all, such a one cannot be acquainted with the nature of cab-drivers and lodging-house keepers in general. The one with whom I lodged has behaved to me like an absolute gentleman. No one could have shown more courtesy and delicacy. For six months at a time he has never sent me a bill; before this I had always paid him weekly, and I believe that is customary. When, after waiting six months, I sent him ten pounds, and he knew that it was all I had, he wrote a note to me, which I preserve as a curiosity, to say that he would entirely prefer that I should keep it. I have lived upon this man's confidence in me for a year, and this comparatively pleasant and comfortable home is one that I owe to the judgment and taste of a cab-driver. * * * Your ten pounds were brought me two or three hours after your letter came, and I sent it immediately to Mr. Walker, and now I am entirely relieved of that most painful feeling of the impropriety of depending upon him in this way, which it has required all my faith and philosophy to endure, because he can now very well wait for the rest, and perceive that the postponement is not an indefinite one. Your letter has warmed my heart, and that was what had suffered most. I would have frozen into a Niobe before I would have asked any help for myself, and would sell gingerbread and apples at the corner of a street for the rest of my days before I could stoop, for myself, to such humiliations as I have borne in behalf of my work, which was the world's work, and I knew that I had a right to demand aid for it."

In her first interview with Carlyle she told him of her great discovery in regard to Shakespeare's plays, so called, and he appeared to be interested in her, if not in her hypothesis; but he treated that with respect, and advised her to put her thoughts on paper. She accordingly accepted an arrangement, kindly made for her by Mr. R. W. Emerson with the editors of a Boston magazine, worked very hard, and soon sent off eighty pages. A part of this was published, and she received eighteen pounds for it. Had this contract been carried out, the money made by it would have supported her comfortably in London, but there arose some misunderstanding between her and the editors, owing, perhaps, to her want of method and ignorance of business. She considered herself very ill-used, and would have nothing more to do with them. Her theory should be set forth in a book.

She now found an excellent and powerful friend in Mr. Hawthorne. He kindly undertook to make an agreement with a publisher, and promised her that her book should be printed if she would write it. Deprived of her expected emolument from writing articles for a periodical, she was much distressed for want of funds, and suffered many privations during the time that she was writing her book. She lived on the poorest food, and was often without the means of having a fire in her chamber. She told me that she wrote a great part of her large octavo volume sitting up in bed, in order to keep her warm.

It was when her work was about half done that she wrote to me the letter from which I have made the foregoing extract. Her life of privation and seclusion was very injurious to both body and mind. How great that seclusion was, is seen in the following passage from another of her letters to me:

"I am glad to know that you are still alive and on this side of that wide sea which parts me from so many that were once *so near*, for I have lived here much like a departed spirit, looking back on the joys and sorrows of a world in which I have no longer any place. I have been more than a year in this house, and have had but three visitors in all that time, and paid but one visit myself, and that was to Carlyle, after he had taken the trouble to come all the way from Chelsea to invite me, and though he has since written to invite me I have not been able to accept his kindness. I have had calls from Mr. Grote and Mr. Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Buchanan came to see me, though I had not delivered my letter to him."

All the fine spirits who knew Miss Bacon found in her what pleased and interested them, and had not that one engrossing idea possessed her, she might have had a brilliant career among the literary society of London.

One dark winter evening, after writing all day in her bed, she rose, threw on some clothes, and walked out to take the air. Her lodgings were at the West End of London, near to Sussex Gardens, and not far from where my mother lived. She needed my address, and suddenly resolved to go to the house of Mrs. R—— for it. She sent in her request, and while standing in the doorway she had a glimpse of the interior. It looked warm, cheerful, and inviting, and she had a strong desire to see my mother; so she readily accepted an invitation to walk in, and found the old lady with her daughter and friend just sitting down to tea. Happily my sister remembered that a Miss Bacon had been favorably mentioned in my letters from Cambridge, so she had no hesitation in asking her to take tea with them. The stranger's dress was such an extraordinary *dishabille* that nothing but her ladylike, manners and conversation could have convinced the family that she was the person whom she pretended to be. She told me how much ashamed she was of her appearance that evening; she had intended going only to the door, but could not resist the inclination to enter and sit down at that cheerful tea-table, which looked so like mine in Cambridge.

The next summer I was living in London. The death of a dear friend had just occurred in my house; the relatives were collected there, and all were feeling very sad, when I was told by my servant that a lady wished to see me. I sent word that there was death in the house and I could see no one that night. The servant returned saying, "She will not go away, ma'am, and she will not give her name."

On hearing this I went to the door, and there stood Delia Bacon, pale and sad. I took her in my arms and pressed her to my bosom; she gasped for breath and could not speak. We went into a room and sat down together. She was faint, but recovered on drinking a glass of port wine, and then she told me that her book was finished and in the hands of Mr. Hawthorne, and now she was ready to go to Stratford-upon-Avon. There she expected to verify her hypothesis, by opening the tomb of Shakespeare, where she felt sure of finding papers that would disclose the real authorship of the plays. I tried in vain to dissuade her from this insane project; she was resolved, and only wished for my aid in winding up her affairs in London and setting her off for Stratford. This aid I gave her with many a sad misgiving as to the result. She looked so ill when I took leave of her in the railroad carriage that I blamed myself for not having accompanied her to Stratford, and was only put at ease by a very cheerful letter from her, which I received a few days after her departure.

On arriving at Stratford she was so exhausted that she could only creep up to bed at the inn, and when she inquired about lodging it was doubtful to herself, and all who saw her, whether she would live to need any. One person expressed this to her, but her brave heart and strong will carried her out the next day in search of a home, and here as in London she fell into good hands. She entered a very pretty cottage, the door of which stood open, found no one in it, but sat down and waited for some one to appear. Presently the owner entered, an elderly lady, living on her income, with only one servant. She had never taken any lodger, but she would not send Miss Bacon away, because she was a stranger and ill, and she remembered, she said, that Abraham had entertained angels unawares. So she made her lie down on her sofa, and covered her up, and went off to prepare some dinner for her. Miss Bacon says, in her letter to me: "There I was at the same hour when I left you, the day before, looking out upon the trees that skirt the Avon, and that church and spire only a few yards before me, but so weak that I did not ever expect to go there. I know that I have been very near death. If anything can restore me it will be the motherly treatment I have here."

She remained for several months in Stratford, but I believe she never attempted to open the tomb of Shakespeare; and when she left that place she returned home to die in the bosom of her family. This ends the history of a highly-gifted and noble-minded woman.

LACE-MAKING IN IRELAND.*

From the Athenæum.

In the introduction of these stories, Mrs. Meredith gives an interesting account of the rise and progress of Irish schools of lace-making. The movement had its rise at the period of the Irish famine, in 1847. It was necessary to devise means of employment for the women. "The eagerness to obtain means of support," says Mrs. Meredith, "was so pressing that a perfect clamor arose for employment." To satisfy this, a remarkable movement took place; the women of the upper ranks developed an extraordinary skill in needlework, and also a great commercial aptitude to turn it to account. The ladies, both in society and in convents, opened schools and classes for the instruction of young girls in the mysteries of embroidery, crochet, knitting, and tatting. Crochet-work was an entirely new article, and became favorably known to the public after the Cork Exhibition of 1852. The various kinds of female remunerative labor resolved themselves into embroidered muslin and the new crochet-work. The weekly earnings at crochet ranged from six to fifteen shillings a week; the fashion and favor of crochet culminated in 1857, when it began to decline. The early specimens of crochet were beautiful, and could bear comparison in their patterns with the mediæval guipures; only being of cotton, and not of fine flax thread, crochet-work could never be so valuable. The art of crochet was easy to acquire, and the materials cost next to nothing. This facility was eventually fatal. Cork and Clones were the chief seats of this employment; but every district and private school had its own peculiar style. "Irish point" was the highest development of crochet-work, and there was at first every reason to hope and expect that it might become a permanent branch of industry, and not pass away with the calamity which gave rise to it. The Adelaide School became the central depot for the reception of work and the transaction of business. It offered employment to young women who had been reduced in the world, and many ladies anxiously applied for admission. It offered employment to all ranks,—but one thing it could *not* give, which was artistic training, to make the patterns and style of lace beautiful. Acquaintance with the principles of beauty, and the skill to form graceful patterns, do not follow the mere power to use the hooked crochet-needle. At first, when the need was pressing, there was no time to educate the workers; the ladies who first taught them were familiar with antique laces, and works of old embroidery; they could supply their pupils' lack of training. But when the pressure of calamity had passed away, the gratuitous assistance of ladies ceased: the trade in crochet-work passed into the hands of local speculators; the refined and delicate patterns and intricate stitches ceased to be provided by cultivated teachers. The pupils in the Adelaide School would not submit to the discipline of cultivation,—the distinction of social grades stood in the way. The reduced ladies always felt a prejudice against business; they called themselves educated, and they had superficial accomplishments; but their intelligence was not cultivated, and "its absence" was, says Mrs. Meredith, "so remarkable as to impede the introduction of artistic information amongst them."

The result was, that about the year 1857 the whole of the crochet-workers turned to making *inferior sorts of lace*, and the production of the better kinds is now almost impossible; "it is so difficult to induce the lace-makers to take the necessary trouble,—the habit of working carelessly is so confirmed." Mrs. Meredith thinks that government ought to have fostered the industry, and supported schools of Art; but no government can give the disposition to learn, nor can it secure a market for any special fashion, either for use or ornament. Mrs. Meredith was much connected with the movement for teaching the making of Irish lace. All she says about the influence of the work upon the female population is worth reading and considering. The introductory chapters are written by one who understands the subject, and are well worth consideration in all they say of facts, and in all they say and indicate about the habits and manners of Irish peasant women. One significant trait is given in a letter from America, from a girl who, once a pupil in the Adelaide School, emigrated to America, and writes word that "*now* she is rich enough to *dress better* than her former patronesses,"—a truly feminine aspect of prosperity! In conclusion, we recommend all interested in the improvement of Irish women, and the instruction of them in their peculiar gift for embroidery and needlework, to read this work by Mrs. Meredith. The tales, as mere tales, are not over the average of commonplace stories, but they are both useful and interesting, as illustrations of Irish industry.

*The Lace-Makers: Sketches of Irish Character, with Some Account of the Efforts to Establish Lace-making in Ireland. By Mrs. Meredith. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)

THE FASHIONS OF WIT.

From the London Review.

It has become a smart thing for a certain class of writers to detect the age of a joke and to ascribe its origin to some remote period, either of Lempriere or Joe Miller. The process is just as cruel as if you hunted up the parish registry for the baptism of a parish belle; the result of antiquity in both cases being fatal. Yet it is just possible that the ways by which people can be made to laugh are so far limited, that in a certain time we should come back upon the place we started from and go the entire round of fun over again. Hallam gave it as his opinion that the world was closer to where it was a thousand years ago than we would at all like to suspect. Historians will tell you that the combinations of events are not incalculable, and may yet furnish sufficient data for a set of laws by which their study will become a science. Humanity is much the same in the lump. There were rouge-pots found in Pompeii, and there are a few still extant in London. Burlesques were in high favor before now. Plato put into the mouth of Socrates a sentence which shows how well they are appreciated. "All opposites (he says) can be fully understood only by and through each other; consequently, we can only know what is serious by knowing, also, what is laughable and ludicrous." Thus, having a lively recollection that Claude Melnotte or the Colleen Bawn were used for the purpose of getting sentimentality the better of us, it is positively a relief to the mind to have them dancing a break-down and making puns, which put us quite at our ease as to their intellectual superiority. The Athenians laughed at Jupiter, on the stage, attempting the window of Alcmena by means of a ladder, or at Socrates coming down from the flies in a basket. This trick is often repeated in our travestie and pantomime. In the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, a part of the fun consists in making the "clouds" walk about or gather up at the sides. So we find Nick Bottom recommending somebody to represent a "wall" and "hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny let Pyramus and Thisbe whisper." The humor of mugging at the pit is more or less modern, but the joke of having an aside with the theatrical officials is to be found in the "Peace" of Aristophanes, where Trygæus is suspended in the air on the back of a beetle, and calls out anxiously to the manager to take care his neck is not broken. He afterwards intimates his safe arrival on the earth by joining the musicians in the orchestra. The "Ecclesiazusæ," or "Woman's Parliament," embodies the idea of Tennyson's charming medley. Nor is it in drama alone we can find these analogies. Lucian and Rabelais, Swift and Diogenes, had much in common. You might find yet a club philosopher at this day sharing an opinion or two with his tub progenitor. We have, however, a few modes of fun which seem to have no precedents. Where, for instance, will you find the antecedent of the comic nigger? There is no account in Plautus, or elsewhere, of a Carthaginian minstrel who would probably be the ancestor of Mr. Bones. We think the negro such a funny dog that we have him in lamp-black when the real article cannot be imported. The humor of cotton trousers, wooden boots, and hee-haw conundrums, appears to have been quite unknown to our forefathers, who did some business with Jamaica, and got quite a different value out of Sambo. Nor were they acquainted with the intense joviality of such songs as those of the "great" Vance, the very St. Vitus of comicality. They were ignorant of Slick "down east" stories and sells. Those fashions of wit are all our own, pure and simple. At the same time, we have discarded the epigram, which now only turns up as a curiosity. The acrostic, too, has had its day, appearing but once in a twelvemonth, when the stationers' shops are measled with valentines. The chronogram is no more, and a lover is not now required, as in the Elizabethan age, to play fifty tricks with his mistress' name before she permits him to change it for his own. Nor have we those curious specimens of humor recorded by Addison. No one writes a poem in the shape of an egg, an axe, or an altar, or attempts the highest peaks of Parnassus on wings composed of his own verses. Even the rebus shows symptoms of decay. It only appears at the fag end of cheap journals, and as an innocent dodge for purchasing our next in which the solution will be given. Frequently the answer is withheld for the period of two or three numbers, the periodical thus having a little game of send-the-fool-farther with its readers. Enigmas are nowhere, except in Reuter's telegrams. A pun has come to be altogether unlike what it was; instead of a laugh it extorts a murmur of astonishment. Perhaps this was the manner in which the jests of Dick Tarleton and the Shakespearian clowns were received. We read that Cicero, Aristotle, Cæsar, and Cleopatra, all punned. Victor Hugo has a long chapter on the subject in "Les Miserables," and one cannot help associating the title of the work with that particular section of it.

There is a sort of genuine wit lying between fancy and plain prose, having the vivacity of the one and the truth of the other, which is at once serious, picturesque, and playful, and which, in fact, makes the most of a thought by putting it in the very best position and in the very best words. It may consist in a comparison, an allusion, or the discovery of some new and unsuspected quality. It rejoices in similitudes; illustrating a single idea, it fills in a meagre outline with warm color, and light, and perspective. In some proportion every man has wit. It is a characteristic of our minds never to be wholly unoccupied. Nothing is presented to us that we do not pass judgment on, compare, contrast, combine, retain, or reject. We never allow things to remain simply as they come. We must piece them together with other matter, distinguish them by the native hue of our own mental complexions, and recognize them afterwards not as we knew them first, but as we know them when partaking of ourselves. The strange idea will, in truth, be enriched according as we are furnished, and we shall reproduce it in a manner and garb indicative of our resources. Peter Bell had nothing to say of the primrose save that it was yellow; Wordsworth or Burns could see a tenderness in it, and by a thousand attributes magnified the flower into a promise of spring fulfilled, a hope of sweet summer days to come, a something that enjoyed the very air it breathed, and so on. And this, though poetry, is also wit. "By resemblances" Burke writes, "we produce new images;" and true wit increases our stock just as poetry does. There was seldom a great poet who was not also a great wit. Even Homer has it in a measure, and it shines here and there like a torch through the gloom of Dante's terrible revelations. Milton has left us "L'Allegro," as well as "Paradise Lost." In that author whose name is a household word amongst us, there are many beautiful prose poems; and in the works of Thackeray there are passages of affecting sentiment, which are assuredly poetry. In both are phrases and sentences in which we know not whether wit or poetry predominate; they hover as it were between thoughts half gay and half sad, with a fluttering uncertainty which causes in us a feeling of suspense similar to that which good music produces. And we want something of this instead of the perpetual gagging and gibe which passes for humor amongst our smart writers. Nor is it the height of comicality to job up the worst mannerisms even of the best men. A literary mimic is one of the saddest objects in the world. Our modern wits not only find the joke, but, as Cibber wrote, find the laugh also. If they would only cease from being so very funny, but the appetite they cater for is a coarse one, only a degree above that which is tickled at the music-halls with cockney vulgarities, hot and hot punch, and hot and hot songs. The stage, indeed, gives us small hope of reformation in this respect; but we look to our novel writers for it, possessing as they do models of genuine humor and examples of real wit, which have never been surpassed or even approached in the literature of any other country.

The Alpine Club.—Zermatt is the headquarters of the Alpine Club—I speak unofficially; we found several of them at the hotel—men who came to Switzerland season after season to climb. But it struck me that they were very much "done." No doubt they astonished the natives themselves. There was no nonsense about them. They were not only skilled in the principles of ice-work, but had considerable local acquaintance with the peculiarities of different glaciers. They were keen-eyed, clear-headed, supple-sinewed; but I repeat it, they looked "done" with the work.

J. P. and I had walked nine or ten hours the day we arrived, and when the dinner-hour drew near were by no means displeased at the smell of cooking being perceptible all over the house. And when the bell rang for the guests to sit down, we were there at once. Not so, I noticed, several of these Alpine gentlemen—they dawdled in. They were "off their feed." One left the table after tumbling a mutton-chop about his plate, and went to bed; another was so bruised on the hands, he could not cut his meat.—*Harry Jones' Tour.*

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY HIMSELF.

New York, near Fifth Avenoo Hotel,
Org. 31ct.

Dr. Sirs: Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattycally jerked and properly punktoosted, would be a addition to the chaois literatoor of the day.

To the yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyable as shown how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, causin in Rahway, N. J., a discriminating mob to say humbugs would not go down in them village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearing as the poor blind-man myself. But the infamous cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day-time to excite sympathy drank freely of a spiritoous liker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under them inflooance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drownded. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr. Editor, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentrisities of gen'us.

My next ventur would hav bin success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a figger of Old Sock would be poplar with eddicated peple, but unfortunately I put a brown linen duster and a U. S. army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was unfortnit in other respecks. At a certain town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a railroad president, and a great person in them parts.

But it appeared that I had shown the same figger for a Pirat named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to molify 'em. I told them that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I would't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no vail. I was forced to leave, and infur from a article in the *Advertizer* of that town, in which the editor says, "Although time has silvered this man's hed with frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his wax works unreliable. We are glad he has concluded to never revisit this town, altho', incredible as it may appear, the fellow reely did contemplate so doing last summer; when, still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudice still exists agin me in that town.

I will not speak of my once being in straightened circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavorin to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath schools pic-nics, to sing ballads adapted to the understandings of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironet—which I forgot where I was one day, singin' instead of "Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,"

Rip snap—set 'em up again,
Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironet except making it howl dismal, broke up the pic-nic, and children said in voices choked with sobs and emotions where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said be quiet dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones unless it is much desirable for them to expire igminyusly upon to a murderer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be berrid into Oblivyon.

In your article, Mr. Editor, please tell 'em what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to kriticise my show speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin' curiosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission.

I hav thus far spoke of myself excloosively as a exhibiter.

I was born in the State of Maine, of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright the faced looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, saying I was muzzer's bessed darlin and a sweet 'eety ittle ting. It was nice, tho I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin' now.

I have allus sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have bin gradooally growing respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meeting-house, but firmly b'leeve in meeting-houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum and lay down in the streets of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pocket.

My temperament is bilious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser; my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-heded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door nabor is old Stev Billins. I'll tell you a little story about old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the church last spring, and the minister said, "you must go home now Brother Billins, and erect a family alter in your own house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and built a regular Pulpit in his settin' room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with his relentless scythe is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in. I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr. Ed'tor.

If you should giv' my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please hav me ingraved in a languishin' attitode, leanin' on a marble pillar, leaving my back hair as it is now.

Trooly yours, Artemus Ward.

A Swiss Wrestling Match.—In the second trip, Mr. Jones again struck Switzerland at Basle, and made his way to Meyringen. There he witnessed a "Schwingfeste," or wrestling-match, between the men of Hasli and Unterwalden. It is held on a high Alp between the valleys to which the rival champions belonged. The Hasli men sat on one side of the arena, and the Unterwalden men on the other:

"There was no Englishman present but myself. The whole affair was a genuine one, and quite unlike some which are occasionally got up for show in places where tourists resort. The chatter of the crowds soon ceased, and the rulers of the games brought forward the first two pair of wrestlers. They wore their ordinary shirts and trousers, but over these last they put on very strong drawers, by the waistband of which each man held his opponent. None wore any shoes. There was perfect silence when the first pair came together. Each washed his arms with white wine, shook hands, knelt down, laid hold of the waistband of his adversary before and behind, and tried to turn him on his back. It was a sullen, graceless exhibition as long as the men remained thus writhing on their knees, but occasionally, when they rose to their feet, there was an exciting struggle. All was conducted with fairness and propriety. Whenever a champion was victorious, his friends on the bank yelled applause; and then he went round among them with a hat, and got a heap of coppers. There was no sport but the wrestling; no races, leaping, or hurling. Pair after pair came down into the grass-plot and tugged at their respective waistbands. Some of the men were well built, and showed remarkably muscular forearms. I noticed this to a German gentleman who sat by me on the grass, and spoke English well. 'Ah,' said he, 'that is caused by milking: when a man milks for hours every day he gets such a bundle of muscles as you see.'

"There was only one really fine figure among the wrestlers, and he was apparently the best man on the Unterwalden side, for they kept him to the last. The Hasli representative was a clumsy, round-shouldered fellow, but with an ominously dogged look, and limbs like a cart-horse. He walked up with a straw in his mouth; and the excitement of the day rose to its highest pitch when this pair were locked in silent grapple. Three times they hugged and spent their breath, being obliged to unclasp without an inch of gain on either side. Then the Unterwalden champion lost his temper, and the umpires coming forward forbade him to try again. I never saw a man in such a rage. He shook like one in a fit, and it took four of his friends to keep him down. He tried, among other things, to throw his boots at his rival—so fierce was his resentment."—*London Review.*

THE LAWS OF DREAMING.

From the (London) Reader.

* * * That dreams are not quite independent of the will, appears from the singular case of Thomas Reid, of Edinburgh;

"About the age of fourteen I was almost every night unhappy in my sleep from frightful dreams. Sometimes hanging over a frightful precipice, and just ready to drop down; sometimes pursued for my life, and stopped by a wall, or by a sudden loss of all strength; sometimes ready to be devoured by a wild beast. How long I was plagued with such dreams I do not now recollect. I believe it was for a year or two at least; and I think they had not quite left me before I was sixteen. In those days I was much given to what Mr. Addison, in one of his 'Spectators,' calls 'castle-building;' and in my evening solitary walk, which was generally all the exercise I took, my thoughts would hurry me into some active scene, where I generally acquitted myself much to my own satisfaction; and in these scenes of imagination I performed many a gallant exploit. At the same time in my dreams I found myself the most arrant coward that ever was. Not only my courage, but my strength failed me in every danger; and I often rose from my bed in the morning in such a panic, that it took some time to get the better of it. I wished very much to get rid of these uneasy dreams, which not only made me very unhappy in sleep, but often left a disagreeable impression on my mind for some part of the following day.

I thought it was worth trying whether it was possible to recollect that it was all a dream, and that I was in no real danger. I often went to sleep with my mind strongly impressed as I could with this thought, that I never in my lifetime was in any real dan